

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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CONSTANCE CARROLTON;

OR,
THE GIPSY HEIR.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

OLIVER went out with his noiseless step. Mrs. Sweetman deputed one of the maids to watch quietly in Constance's apartment during her absence, and descended to the kitchen to attend to her domestic concerns, bidding the deputy ring the bell in case the patient awoke or appeared restless. In about an hour she returned, and found that Constance was still locked in that deep healing slumber.

"And no wonder," observed the girl, who had been left to watch her, "for somebody has been playing such lovely music, it 'most sent me to sleep too."

"Playing music!" said the housekeeper in amazement. "Who can have been playing music? Was it Master Reginald?"

"Oh, no, I see him walking about in the garden all the time," said the girl.

"Who could it have been?" said Mrs. Sweetman. "What sort of music was it? Was it like a pianna?"

"No—not a bit like a pianna," replied the girl. "It was more like the organ at church when it plays very soft and sweet and like women's voices, you know. I dare say if you sit quiet a bit you'll hear it."

They sat still, listening, and presently their ears were greeted by a strain of soft wild music, like the solemn breathings of the wind over an Æolian harp.

"The lord have mercy upon us!" exclaimed the housekeeper. "There—go down, Grace, go down; and don't you say a word about this music to anybody. It's the death-warning of the family. Who is it to be, I wonder?"

"Is it for Miss Carrolton?" whispered Grace, turning pale and trembling like an aspen leaf.

"No—it would not play for her, because she is not one of the family," said Mrs. Sweetman. "It must be a Ravenscroft either by birth or marriage. Pray Heaven it may be the old lady! Now mind you don't mention it," she repeated, seeing that the girl was very anxious to get out of the haunted room, adding, with a stroke of policy to enforce the performance of her request, "it always brings ill-luck upon the first person who speaks about it."

"Oh, no! I won't say a word," said Grace, clutching at the door handle, "only pray don't set me to watch here again, please. I don't like it at all." And she beat a hasty retreat.

Probably Mrs. Sweetman relied on the lonely watch as little as her deputy. She was, at least, very glad when Constance awoke and asked for something to drink. She was, as her good nurse had predicted, considerably better after her long sleep.

"I hope you were not disturbed, miss," said the housekeeper, anxious to know whether she had heard the music.

"Oh no, quite the contrary, if you can understand how that may be," replied Constance, smiling; "for I was just awaking when that Æolian harp began to play, and it sent me to sleep again. Where is it?"

"Where is what, miss?" asked Mrs. Sweetman, in a state of utter bewilderment.

"Why, that Æolian harp that has been playing so sweetly," said Constance. "Surely you must have heard the music?"

"Oh! yes, miss, I heard some music," replied Mrs. Sweetman; "but I don't know where it came from, nor who played it."

"I know the sound of that music well," said the patient. "It is not any person who plays it." (Mrs. Sweetman shuddered.) "It is an instrument with strings, that is placed in an open window; and when the wind blows through it, it produces that beautiful wild music that you heard. It must have been fixed up this morning, or I should have noticed it before. No doubt that strange youth, Reginald, being unable yet to play well enough to please me, has placed this 'harp of the winds' somewhere near, that its wild tones may lull me to rest."

"I dare say he has, miss," said Mrs. Sweetman, to whom, however, Constance's last remarks had been

only half-addressed. Her belief in the supernatural origin of the sounds she had heard remained, nevertheless, as firm as ever.

Anxious to prevent any further inquiries on this subject, which might lead to discoveries dangerously agitating and alarming to her patient, Mrs. Sweetman commenced her preparations for dressing the wound. It was progressing favorably; but the doctress thought it advisable that Constance should remain in bed, on low diet, for that day at least. Many were the anxious inquiries made at the door during the day by Mr. Ravenscroft and Reginald, but the former did not again request leave to enter the room, and the latter was of course rigorously excluded.

The music was not heard again, and the housekeeper went to bed, in the hope that it might not be repeated. Constance had frequently thought of it, and wished she might hear again the wild, soothing, dream-like tones. By some untraceable chain of imagination she had linked the music with the mysterious face that had looked through her curtains the night before; and now, as her eyes were closing, she opened them again to see if the swarthy countenance was at its post. The space was vacant. Only the firelight danced upon a large old wardrobe that stood against the wall. Her eyes closed fast, and she was dreaming that the Æolian melody was murmuring in her ear, when its tones swept so loud and so near that they awoke her with a start. The harp, if harp it were, seemed to be actually in the room; then it sank away, and moaned outside the windows. Again it passed along the lofty ceiling, and then died away in mournful wailings through the long echoing corridors. She raised her head and listened. A slight motion of the curtains caught her eye. There was the gipsy-like face again, but so changed, so haggard, so full of pain, so death-like, that she could hardly recognize it.

"Oh, heavens! she is dying! Help! help!" cried Constance, with a shriek of terror, at the same time falling back fainting.

Aroused by the cry, Mrs. Sweetman rushed to her assistance. For a long time the fainting fit refused to yield to the restoratives which she brought; and she began to wonder whether the warning could have been intended for the young lady, through a stranger to the family. Mingled with much real sorrow at the probable death of her fair patient, came sundry misgivings concerning the consequences to herself, if a coroner's jury should return a verdict of culpable negligence in undertaking the cure of a gunshot wound, without calling in the aid of a regular practitioner.

At length, to her great joy, the poor girl gave signs of returning consciousness. She pressed her hand to her forehead, looked hurriedly round, and then seemed by a sudden effort to recollect all. "See to her!" she said, pointing towards the further side of the bed, where the face had appeared. "Has she fallen on the ground? Is she lying there now? Oh! see to her! Never mind me—I am quite well now."

"Who are you talking about, miss?" demanded the bewildered housekeeper. "There is nobody here. You must keep quiet, and not give way to these fancies."

"It was no fancy," replied Constance, earnestly. "I saw the face as plainly as I now see yours; and death was written upon it. It was—I am sure it was—the face of the first Mrs. Ravenscroft—of Reginald's mother."

"The Lord preserve us!" cried Mrs. Sweetman. "She's seen a ghost!"

"No—it was not a ghost," said Constance; "it was a living, or rather a dying woman. I recollect now that as I fell, when that madman fired, I heard a scream from the other side of the door, and afterwards there was a knock against it, which was evidently a signal to Reginald. She must have been outside the door, and the shot, after passing through my arm, went through the panel and struck her. Oh, heaven! are the crimes and miseries of this unhappy family to have no end? That wretched youth has destroyed his own mother! I feel convinced it is she; but I must see her portrait, and have positive proof of it before I speak to Reginald."

"Oh, dear! she is quite beside herself!" cried the old lady, vainly endeavoring to keep Constance from jumping out of bed. "She'll go and catch her death, and I can't hold her!"

"I am not delirious, Mrs. Sweetman," said Constance, as calmly as her anxiety would allow. "I shall run but slight risk if I wrap up well, and am careful; and what's that, when a fellow-creature is suffering, and dying within our reach, with perhaps no one to succor her, or breathe one word of hope or comfort to her departing soul?"

"But, my sweet young lady!" remonstrated the housekeeper, "the door is fast locked, so how could anybody have got in?"

"I shall not stop to inquire how," replied Constance. "I only know that she was here. Do you not remember the noise you heard last night, when you thought I was walking about the room? She was here then, but I did not tell you lest you should be frightened."

Help me on with my dressing-gown. It is useless to try to prevent my going."

Convinced at last that it was useless, yet still inclined to remonstrate, Mrs. Sweetman did as she was bid, and Constance was soon enveloped in as many wrappers as she could bear the weight of.

"Now," said she, "show me the picture."

"Oh, dear! dear! How shall I answer for it to Mr. Ravenscroft if you go and kill yourself!" cried the perplexed housekeeper.

"I shall not die before I have time to exculpate you entirely," said Constance, scarcely able to repress a smile; "but I assure you I run very little danger if you will guide me at once to the picture. If I have to run about the house seeking for it, it may do me great harm."

"But where's the use of your going now to look at that picture, miss?" said Mrs. Sweetman. "Why not stay till to-morrow? The picture won't run away."

"But the woman may die," replied Constance. "If it be Mrs. Ravenscroft, depend upon it Reginald knows where to find her. And in one word, Mrs. Sweetman, if you do not instantly lead the way to this picture, I shall seek for it myself."

With a deep groan, Mrs. Sweetman thereupon took up the candle and walked out into the lobby, followed by the impatient Constance.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Constance and Mrs. Sweetman reached the lobby, they entered the room immediately on their left. It was a large apartment, similar to that which Constance occupied, except that the furniture was older, and looked quite neglected, and that it had the mouldy damp smell usual in rooms that have been long closed. A large picture stood by the wall, and towards it the two visitors advanced.



SIGNORINA TERESA BOLLA, PREMIERE DANSEUSE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDRICKS. SEE PAGE 211.

"Here it is," said the housekeeper, holding up the light. It was a full-length portrait of a beautiful brunette, dressed in riding costume, and with one hand resting on the mane of a magnificent horse.

"It is the same," said Constance, after an earnest perusal of the face; "that countenance is too remarkable to be mistaken. Go now, Mrs. Sweetman, as quickly as possible, and call Reginald. Tell him to come to me instantly. I will sit by the fire, and keep myself very quiet while you are gone."

With a smothered exclamation expressive of vain remonstrance, Mrs. Sweetman went on her errand, while Constance sat thinking over her plans. The first step certainly was to obtain from Reginald all the information possible respecting his mother, and that information must guide her future conduct. The recollection of that haggard and pain-stricken face dwelt upon her mind, and she felt impatient of the housekeeper's prolonged absence, and fancied every moment that she sat inactive was a crime against humanity. At length the door opened.

"Shall Mr. Reginald come in, miss?" asked Mrs. Sweetman.

"Yes—yes," cried Constance, starting up and advancing with her hand raised and extended with a gesture of adjuration. "Oh, Reginald, do not imagine that I desire to pry into the secrets of your family; but tell me truly, is your mother alive?"

Reginald's fine eyes were cast down; he appeared much confused, and made no reply.

"Answer me, answer me!" she entreated, placing her hand upon his with a gentle pressure, for she knew by experience that the touch of that soft white hand was a talisman to control him in his most wilful moods.

The charm failed now for the first time. He pressed her hand to his lips, and held it between his own, while he looked at her seriously, and replied, with a grave dignity which she had never before observed in him,

"Constance, I have always felt you to be my superior in everything but brute strength, and the power of loving intensely. I have not been too proud to acknowledge your superiority, and I have profited more by your instructions than perhaps you have imagined. One of your strongest precepts has been to 'keep a promise sacred.' You now demand, with those passionate eyes fixed upon mine, that I shall break a promise solemnly pledged. Not even for you will I break my word."

He dropped her hand, and turned away. Constance was astounded. Where or how, she thought, had he suddenly acquired a command of language to which he had never before been able to attain? And whence came that decided and manly bearing? She felt that he was her pupil no longer.

"Last night," she said, "a face looked at me through my curtains. It was the face of a dark-complexioned woman, bearing a striking resemblance to you. To-night I saw the same countenance again, but so distorted by suffering that I know she is very ill. I have seen the portrait of your mother, and by that means I know that it is she."

The young man uttered a cry of anguish and darted from the room. In a few minutes he returned, and summoned both Constance and the housekeeper to follow him. He led them into the room which they had before visited, and drawing aside the curtains which had concealed her from their sight on the former occasion, he disclosed the figure of a woman, writhing with pain, though uttering no groan.

"It is Mrs. Ravenscroft!" exclaimed Mrs. Sweetman, glancing from the living woman to the portrait and back again.

"It is," repeated Reginald, in a low voice to Constance. "Can you tell what is the matter with her?"

"It is useless to try to cure me," said the sufferer. "I know I am dying. I did not feel it much at first, but it is killing me now."

"What is it, mother? What do you say is killing you?" demanded Reginald, fondly.

"You could not help it," she said, gazing at him with filmy eyes. "You did not know I was behind the door, and the ball went through and struck me. But it was not your fault, my own loved boy!"

"I!" shrieked Reginald in a frenzy, "I shoot you! Mother, mother! unsay those words! Do not drive me mad by telling me I have killed you!"

"Tis a just punishment," she said. "I brought you up like a savage to revenge myself on your father, and the consequence of my folly and wickedness has fallen upon myself. I am justly punished."

"But the blow should not have come from my hand," whispered Reginald, in a voice choking with grief.

"Do not grieve so much about it, my son," said the invalid. "It was an accident, and we must all die at last."

"Are you prepared for death?" asked Constance. "Will you not see the clergyman?"

"Had I not better send for the doctor?" suggested Mrs. Sweetman. "She may not be so bad as she thinks."

"No, no," cried the dying woman impatiently, and endeavoring to raise herself from the bed, "I shall be dead before he can get here. Neither doctor nor clergyman. You shall pray for me, Constance Carrolton, when I have spoken of some worldly concerns. Your prayers, that come fresh from the heart, are better than those a priest says by rote."

"Do you wish Mr. Ravenscroft to be called?" asked Constance.

"No," she replied, quickly. "He has long believed me dead; let him think so still."

"Let me send for him," said Constance, imploringly; "even at this last moment a reconciliation will be sweet. Think of your early love—"

"With thoughts of the early love come memories of wrongs and animosities," said Mrs. Ravenscroft, gloomily. "I will not see him. Promise me, all of you, that he shall never know that I did not die years ago, when I left him."

"But he must know it soon," urged Mrs. Sweetman. "How can the funeral—"

"He will know nothing of my funeral," interrupted Mrs. Ravenscroft. "There are others besides him to see to that. Life is ebbing fast—will you give me your promise, all of you? I know I can trust you, Reginald, without another pledge."

"I promise," said Constance, solemnly.

"And so do I," sobbed the housekeeper.

"I am satisfied," said the dying woman; "and now I want another promise from you, Constance. You have been Reginald's good angel ever since you came here. You have labored successfully to undo all the evil that I, his bad angel, have been doing for years. I am going, and your influence will be undivided. This," she said, pointing to her wound, "this is the last act of the evil spirit. It was my hand, not his, that did it. Do not leave your good work half done. Do not leave him."

"I am bound to remain for a year," faltered Constance, feeling frightened, she knew not why.

"You will not leave him then?" demanded Mrs. Ravenscroft, eagerly. "That is what I mean by leaving your work half done. Think you that all the evil I have implanted in his mind during twenty years can be rooted out by you in twelve months? I own that you have done wonders already, but without you he will relapse; nay, he will become ten times worse—he will go mad. He loves you, Constance. Promise his dying mother that you will marry him!"

"Marry him!" cried Constance, in terror and astonishment, "Oh! no! never! never!"

Reginald seized her by the shoulder, swung her violently round, and held her in an iron grip, while he glared ferociously upon her and said in a voice that resembled the low growl of a lion, "You will not marry me! Do you hate me, then?"

"I need not hate you, though I cannot marry you, Reginald," she replied, shrinking under the painful pressure of his muscular hands upon her shoulders. "If there were no other reason, I could not marry you while under the dread that at any moment you may lose your temper and murder me."

"What is the other reason?" he demanded, sternly.

"You have no right to ask," she said, trying in vain to release her shoulders.

"She loves some one else, Reginald," said his mother, whose feminine instinct led her at once to the correct interpretation of Constance's words.

"Is it so, Constance? Is it so indeed?" said he, mournfully, and dropping his arms.

"I tell you, you have no right to ask me that question," said Constance; "but as this painful scene must be brought to a close, I will answer you. Yes—I love and am loved; more than that, I am solemnly betrothed."

"Mother! mother!" cried the young man, throwing himself on

his knees and clasping his mother in his arms, "stay—stay awhile—and take me with you!"

"Nay—not so, my son," she replied, "there is long life and happiness in store for you. Hush! be still!" she continued, rising slowly in the bed, while her eyes were fixed upon vacancy and her forefinger and outstretched right arm pointed as to objects which were passing before her. "Hush! speak not! The future is unrolling to my view—for the last time!—would I might tell what I see! He shows her the way of escape! ha! fear not! there is no danger for the firm heart—the steady foot—the resolute will!—See how the flames arise! The guilty ones are consumed! The boat! the boat!—it will be dashed to pieces! no! it is safe on the sands, and she is rescued. Now is the death wail! but not for him! not for the brave soldier! See! he bears his wounded comrade away amid a shower of rifle balls! That is for her sake—may she one day know it! It is cloudy now—my sight is failing—they pass too quickly, and I cannot see—Ah! one glimpse more—yes! they stand at the altar!"

She fell back into the arms of her son, but so distinct and strong had been her utterance, her action so energetic, that they could not believe that she was dead. Mrs. Sweetman was the first to discover that life was fled. She communicated the intelligence to Constance by a look, fearing to rouse the anger of Reginald by telling him what he would so little like to hear.

"Come away," said Constance, taking him by the arm, "it is useless to remain here. Mrs. Sweetman will see that all proper attention is paid to her remains."

"She is dead, then!" said Reginald, mournfully, as he rose calm and collected, "the only being who ever loved, or who ever will love me!"

"Do not say that, Reginald," said Constance, deeply sympathizing with his feeling of desolation, a desolation which she had herself but too keenly experienced. "It depends wholly upon yourself to become tenderly loved by many."

"But not by you, Constance," he replied; "and I do not care for the love of many. Let us go. You must not stay here, Mrs. Sweetman," he continued, taking the old lady's hand, and, to her infinite astonishment, pressing it warmly, "I thank you sincerely for your kindness and your good intentions, but did you not hear her say that there were others who would see to her funeral? We must leave her alone, and they will fetch her."

This speech conjured up such awful and supernatural notions that, frightened almost out of her wits, the housekeeper fled from the chamber of death, and sought refuge in Constance's bed-room, where the cheerful fire gave the idea of security and companionship.

Reginald returned to the bed, and held the candle so as to throw its light upon the face of the corpse. He stood for some minutes in sorrowful contemplation of the still beautiful features, then pressed a kiss upon the pale cheek, and with a heavy sigh turned away.

"What have I now to live for, Constance?" he said; "in one night I have lost both mother and hope."

"We can live without hope, Reginald," she replied. "I have lost both my parents, and with them I lost all hope of happiness where I had most expected it. And yet I live on. I do my duty, as far as I am able, and I am cheerful, though not happy."

"Are you not happy?" he exclaimed. "Do you not hope? Do you mean that you will not be married to—to him?"

"You must not ask me what I mean," said Constance, in a tone of gentle rebuke. "I could not make you understand it without entering into all the particulars of my life, which it is needless to tell you. What I wished to impress upon you is that while we do our duty, and submit humbly to the will of Heaven, we cannot be altogether unhappy, though we may be far less happy than we had hoped to be."

"I wish I could know that you were happy, Constance," said Reginald, looking at her in a thoughtful, dreamy way. "I feel and think a great deal more than I can say, and perhaps I shall not make you understand me; but sometimes I feel that if you tried to go away, or liked any one else better than me, I could kill you. But you know," he added, with a shuddering glance at the corpse, "that you have had a terrible proof how real that dreadful feeling is. It is almost as bad sometimes, when you are playing at chess with my father. I have thought then that I would kill you, and bury you where no one else could find your body, and that I would spend my life at the place where I had put you, and no one should ever look at you again. And then, of late, I have been so delighted to see you look smiling and pleased, that I have thought I must be happy if you were so. But now, if you do not marry the man you love, you cannot be happy. Why do you not try to love me, Constance?"

"Love cannot be controlled by the will," she replied. "If it were so, and I could give my affections where my reason tells me I might expect the greatest happiness, I should probably transfer them to you, Reginald—there is so much of native nobleness and generosity behind your violent and reckless temper. As it is, you must rest contented with my esteem and friendship—these you will be sure to have if you continue as you have begun. I shall love you then as much as I should if you were my brother."

"Could you love your brother after that?" he asked, pointing to his mother's body, while a shudder passed through his iron frame that told how deeply he felt the consequences of his rashness, though he said not much on the subject.

"Yes, and pity him still more," said Constance, in a tone of deep compassion, "for you would not willingly have hurt her, and your remorse will be lifelong."

"And your own wound," he said gloomily—"can you pity me for that? Did I not hurt you willingly? Did I not try to kill you? Ay—and should have done it had you not started aside at the moment I fired!"

"I pity you for the furious temper which urged you to it, and forgive you the injury you have done me," replied Constance. "You were mad, and knew not what you did; and for such there was a prayer uttered more than eighteen centuries ago, which insures pardon."

The young man stood for a moment hesitating whether to speak or not; then in silence led her to the door of her own room.

"Good night, Constance," he said, kissing her hand; "do not be frightened if you hear footsteps in this lobby to-night. They will have to come past here," and he glanced toward the room where his mother lay dead.

"I understand you," said Constance. "But why should she not be honorably buried in the family vault? What is this mysterious funeral that you will give her?"

"It is all done by her own wish," he replied; "do you not know the race to which she belongs?"

"I believe so," said Constance, with diffidence.

"If you are well enough to-morrow night to bear the fatigue and damp air of the vaults," said Reginald, "you shall witness her funeral. I shall see you before then. Good night."

Constance re-entered her chamber, and Reginald descended the turret-stairs to the library. With a gloomy brow and a heavy heart he took down the fatal rifle. He gazed on it for some minutes in stern silence, reflecting on the deed that had been done when he had last held it in his hands. The cold drops stood upon his brow, and his compressed lip quivered with the sharp agony that wrung his soul.

"Oh, mother! oh, Constance!" he groaned rather than uttered. He then charged the gun, but only with powder, and putting two more charges into his pocket, returned to the staircase. Instead of ascending, however, he opened a small arched door, the same that Oliver had pointed out to Constance as leading to the dungeons.

The door was of immense thickness, very old, and studded with iron. The highly ornamented hinges extended over more than half the width of it, and might have been expected to creak dismally as they moved; but the heavy door swung back noiselessly, disclosing a flight of stone steps even more narrow and steep than those which led to the upper story. These Reginald descended with a firm step, which seemed familiar with their many inequalities. At some distance below he quitted the stairs, and passing through another small door, the key of which was in the lock, he stood in the open air, near the bottom of the ravine that was overlooked from the windows of Constance's chamber. There was no moon, but the stars were bright, and gave sufficient light for one so well acquainted with his path, dangerous and difficult as it was. Though near the bottom of the ravine, he was still some twenty feet above the level of the brook that roared and rushed below, when he crossed to the opposite side by a most primitive bridge, formed by the trunk of a fallen tree. He walked over with the indifferent air of one well accustomed to find a safe footing upon its knotted surface, and began to climb an intricate and winding path that wound its course

up the almost precipitous though thickly-wooded bank. When he gained the summit he paused and looked at the grim pile of building, from two windows of which gleamed a dim lurid light that waxed and waned as the fire-light shone more or less strongly through the closed curtains of Constance's room. It spoke of life and warmth. The neighboring windows were dark, and within them was the icy chill and shadow of death. A strangely mingled train of thoughts, or rather impulses, of sorrow, remorse, despair, self-destruction, love, hope, determination, and heroic devotion, swept through his brain. He was roused from this kind of reverie by the striking of the old house clock—one, two. He started off over the hills at a rapid pace. Arrived at the top of a slight eminence at the commencement of a narrow winding valley between two loftier hills, he stopped. There were no visible signs of any human habitation near; but a faint smell of burning wood or peat was plainly perceptible. He fired his gun; reloaded, fired—again a third time, and stood listening. In a few seconds three shots from the neighboring valley replied; on hearing which he shouldered his gun and returned home.

CHAPTER X.

THE agitating scenes which Constance had gone through, and the expectation of hearing the mysterious feet which were to bear their ghastly burden past her door, prevented her from sleeping. Mrs. Sweetman had taken the precaution of soothing her own nerves with a glass of hot brandy-and-water, and was soon comfortably asleep; any such restorative being out of the question in Constance's case, she lay awake a prey to the most bewildering phantasies. She heard the clock strike two, then three, and still the footsteps of the unknown bearers of the dead had not struck her eagerly listening ears. At length there was a sound, faint, confused, like the tread of many muffled feet. She started up, wrapped a cloak around her, and looked cautiously out. At the top of the turret-stairs she beheld a group that long remained pictured in her mind, with its Rembrandt-like effects of brilliant light and intense shadow. Two men of wild and picturesque appearance bore between them what she knew must be the body of Mrs. Ravenscroft, enveloped in a large black cloak or pall. They were just beginning the descent of the stairs. Reginald stood above, holding a lamp raised high. The light fell strongly upon his pale face, contrasting with his bushy beard and raven hair. A few hours had done the work of years. He looked like a man of thirty. The last Constance saw of them was when Reginald stooped to place his hand upon the shoulder of the corpse, lest it should be grazed against the wall. The natural, loving action brought the tears into her eyes, and when she had dashed them away, the faint reflection from the lamp was alone visible.

On the following afternoon Reginald begged to be allowed to speak with her. Constance was struck with his altered manner. Instead of a rough, imperious demand, it was a gentle request. She was dressed and sitting up on the sofa, and admitted him instantly. There was a change in his very walk and carriage. Instead of the wild, bounding step, that had often reminded her of some savage warrior of olden time, his gait was slow, firm and dignified. His noble head was bowed in thought or grief; but the stoop, in place of detracting from his height, served only to make him appear more manly and majestic.

Constance turned pale as she noticed these changes, and said to herself, "I must go away." Had she been questioned as to her reason for forming this resolve, perhaps she would have been somewhat puzzled to find it.

Reginald kissed her hand with the gravity of a Spanish don, and seated himself on a chair at a short distance from the sofa. Here again she saw a difference; formerly he would have wanted a place by her side, or on the floor at her feet, with his curly head lolled on her lap.

"Mrs. Sweetman tells me you are much better to-day, Constance," he began. "I feared you would be worse after last night," and he heaved a deep sigh. "Shall you be strong enough to bear the fatigue of what I mentioned to you?"

"Quite strong enough," she replied.

"You will have to go through some very old damp places," said he; "you must consider it well before you run any risk, and if you go you must put on thick boots, and clothe yourself as warmly as possible."

"I have no fear," she replied; "the fever is quite gone now; I am only rather weak."

"I fear you are very weak," he said, with another heavy sigh. "Did you lose much blood?"

"Not much, I believe," was the reply. "The weakness is in consequence of the fever, together with the low diet, and the effects of fright."

"You lost some blood," he said, taking from his bosom a handkerchief that had been used to bind her arm, and of which he had by some means possessed himself.

"Ah!" cried Constance, shuddering, "how horrid it looks! Throw it into the fire!"

"Never," he answered, "at least, not yet. If ever you become my wife, Constance, I will burn this handkerchief, and strive for your sake to think no more of the deed which was done when this blood flowed. Till then its place is here, to remind me of my crimes."

He replaced the handkerchief, and she saw with pain that he put it inside his shirt.

"How can you do so?" she said, with an air of disgust. "How can you be so dirty?"

"Dirty!" he repeated, fixing on her a look in which a wild kind of triumph was the predominant expression. "Constance, you have never loved!"

"What do you mean?" she asked. "What has that to do with it?"

"Never mind now," he replied. "I hope to teach you the meaning of it one day. Will you remember that I owe you the lesson?"

"You must talk more clearly if you wish me to understand you," she said, coldly.

"When I give you the lesson I will endeavor to be as explicit as possible," said he, rising, and again kissing her hand. He held it for a moment, and then added, with another of his mournful sighs, "I will come for you a little before twelve o'clock, if you are really determined to go."

"It will be a melancholy pleasure, as well as a duty," said Constance. "I will be ready for you."

He bowed his head, and went out of the room.

"Dear me!" half-soliloquised Mrs. Sweetman. "Only to think that the other day, as it might be, he could scarcely speak at all, and now he talks dictionary words as clever as anybody."

Constance could almost have smiled at the quaint remark, but other and more serious thoughts then occupied her mind. She took a prayer-book from the table by her side, and opening it at the service for the dead, remained for the whole evening, earnestly studying it, and committing to memory the greater part of the prayers. The housekeeper saw how she was occupied, guessed at the object she had in view, and held a respectful silence.

At half-past eleven Reginald knocked softly at the door, and found Constance prepared to accompany him. He would not rest satisfied until he had examined her boots, and convinced himself that they were thick enough to protect her from the ill effects of the cold damp floorings of the dungeons. Her cloak then underwent a scrutiny, after which he led her away, recommending Mrs. Sweetman to lie down and sleep till their return.

Constance shivered as the chill air blew on her when the little door was opened. Her companion perceived it, and wrapped round her a large fur railway rug, which hung by the library door.

"It is too heavy," said Constance, trying to disengage herself from its voluminous folds. "I could not walk in it."

"I don't expect you to do so," he replied, and taking her in his arms he carried her down the steep and broken stairs as easily as if she had been an infant.

Constance was not a sylph. She had a tall, well-developed figure, and she was conscious of possessing more strength and activity than usually belong to girls in these degenerate days. In the times that Spenser sings of, she might have been a Britomart, or coming nearest to actualities, a Joan of Arc. She knew, too, that Reginald was strong—very strong; but she had formed no accurate notion of how strong, until now, when she found herself as helpless as a child in those Titanic arms.

"He can never be my pupil again," she thought, "I can never

recover even the semblance of authority. I can walk now—I would rather walk," she said aloud, and trying to struggle.

"Little fool! keep quiet, or you will knock your head against the wall," was his half-angry reply.

"But I prefer walking," said Constance.

"And I prefer carrying you," he replied.

"You hurt my arm," she said. This was true, but it was her own fault for moving it.

Instantly he stopped, re-adjusted his burthen, took her up again, and went on. They were in total darkness, but he walked with the unhesitating step of a blind man who knows his way. Presently a gleam of light shot across the narrow staircase. They passed through another door which stood open, and there Reginald set Constance down, seated her on a chair that was placed ready for her, covered her carefully with the rug, and whispering, "Stay here till I come for you," quitted her and walked towards the spot whence the light proceeded.

(To be continued.)

SIGNORINA TERESA ROLLA.

THIS youthful and accomplished artist, a native of Venice, who is at present the reigning favorite in New York, and but nineteen years of age, is the first aspirant that ever attained, so early, the position of *prima danseuse* in the chief capitals of Europe and in the Empire City of the United States. Signorina Rolla is greatly indebted to nature for the advantages of a beautiful face, an exquisitely moulded form, and a natural grace in motion; but her early rise and rapid progress in the Terpsichorean art are the result of great industry and unquestioned talent.

It was at the Theatre "La Fenice," in her native city, that she first attracted the attention of Mr. Corby, then on a tour in search of artists for Niblo's Garden. That gentleman at once offered her an engagement on terms so liberal that the fair Italian was willing to quit "La Bella Italia" for the Western World, provided her engagements in Milan, Turin, and London could be cancelled. This Mr. Corby undertook to accomplish, and succeeded in the two first-named cities. The London engagement, at Her Majesty's Theatre, it was deemed advisable to fulfil, especially as Mr. Lumley, the *impresario*, knowing the value of his young Italian beauty, was unwilling to lose her services, although he had, even then, engagements with Rosati, Pochini, Boschetti, Katrine, and Perea Nina. In London, therefore, Signorina Rolla made her *début* in Massot's ballet of "Acalista," and achieved a brilliant triumph on that stage, where so lately La Taglioni, Fanny Ellsler, and Carlotta Grisi had reigned as *les déesses de la danse*. The public applauded and the press eulogized the *débütante* during her brief stay of a month in the English metropolis. The critics of the *Times*, the *Athenaeum*, and other leading journals, speaking of her in terms of high praise. On the very day after her last performance, with the hearty applause of the *crème de la crème* of the London audience still ringing in her ears, La Teresa placed herself in charge of Mr. Corby, and bade adieu to Europe. A pleasant trip across the Atlantic, and a few days' repose only intervened between her triumphs in the Old World and her hearty welcome and unqualified success in the New.

Signorina Rolla is already an established favorite in New York city, and whenever she has appeared at Niblo's the house has been crowded with her admirers. Of her talent, style and beauty, a cotemporary speaks thus:

"Signorina Rolla was cordially greeted, and expressed her acknowledgments with superlative grace and winning sweetness. She is very young, exquisitely beautiful, has a form of great delicacy and litheness, limbs moulded as if by a sculptor, and her hands are the nearest perfect we ever saw. What constitutes the greatest charm of her person is the expression with which form and feature are both alive; every varying shade of feeling in the play is indicated in her face and attitudes, and not only indicated, but expressed with a softness, a grace, a delicacy, that are absolutely bewitching. The same thing is evident in her dancing; she puts more meaning into the dance than any of her recent predecessors. She does not revel in the dreamy motions of *la danse*, nor amaze you by difficult *tours de force*; she charms by the expressive eye, by the suggestive grace, by the meaning (not in the least lascivious) of all her movements. Her pantomime is exquisite on this account; it never is coarse, never unrefined, but idealized. From this it follows that the *débütante* is one of the purest and most modest of dancers.

"It must not, however, be supposed that, because she is not constantly attempting to amaze or seduce your senses, she is not a great artist. Some of her feats are surprising, and perhaps quite equal to those of any of her predecessors, only she does not seem to be making a display of them. She does nothing for effect, but when the occasion demands great skill or art there it is. Her beauty, of course, first subdues you, and the exquisite truth and meaning of her delineation complete the conquest. Rolla really lifts the ballet into a higher sphere—she makes it, indeed, what it is often called, and so seldom is—the poetry of motion—poetry full of outward, sensuous grace, but also full of subtle, delicate meaning—Rolla has genius."

WANDERINGS ON THE SHORES OF THE RIVER NILE.

THE level and intensely warm rays of the Nubian sunset shooting across our path and turning the dry, sandy hills to pyramids of gold, began to warn us that evening was approaching, after our long day's travel, and to remind us of the fact that we were as yet undecided where to bivouac for the night. The prospect of being "belated" in such a strange and unwonted spot was not particularly agreeable to us; for, although we had passed many a night under the forest canopy of North American woods, without a thought of repining, yet this Nubian solitude was entirely a different affair. Often before, when we imagined ourselves alone, we had been startled by the sudden apparition of some turbaned Oriental, with keen, gleaming eyes, and tawny skin, whose step had been so light as to elude our notice until he came directly upon us, and it was not an agreeable sensation to think of the near presence of these stealthy-footed and swarthy sons of the desert, when we were wrapped in slumber, or in thoughts of other lands.

"Courage, my brave fellows!" exclaimed the most valiant and hopeful of our party, shouldering his knapsack again after our momentary halt and council; "do you see that column of vapor rising against the sky? It looks faint and dim, like a mere evening mist, but, on my word, I believe it's smoke."

"This dazzling sunshine has blinded your eyes," grumbled another. "I see nothing but the red-hot sky and the old mountains of Korosko beyond."

Nevertheless, the simple chance of meeting the "human face divine" again in the wilderness, even though it wore a dusky tinge and was crowned by the folds of a snowy turban, was sufficient to quicken our lagging footsteps, and, in a few minutes, we discovered that our comrade's conjecture was a correct one, for, as we reached the brow of a long, sloping hill, we came into full view of a snug little encampment of Egyptian troops in the valley below.

This camp presented a singular and not unpleasant appearance in the level rays of the declining sun. The array of simply constructed tents, with little groups sitting or standing carelessly about their doors and enjoying the respite from exertion always heralded by sunset, had a novel and pleasing effect. Tall giraffes were browsing on the stunted shrubs and herbage near, and, in the distance, we beheld patient dromedaries and herds of straggling cattle picking their evening meal. The rude artillery, and bales of luggage incident to camp-life, were scattered around in all directions, while picturesque Nubians lounged idly from place to place, clad in light oriental costumes, and bearing towering spears, and curious shields formed out of dried elephant's skin.

Under a group of palm trees, which stood out like a green banner against the glowing sky, was sitting an elderly man, with several attendants, whom, from his manner, we judged to be chief in authority. He welcomed us in a kind and courteous

way as we entered the limits of the camp, and made room for us in his own little circle, and as, from long experience, we had learned to feel at home in whatever spot we were surprised by the evening shades, it was not long before we were snugly established in the midst of this warlike settlement.

But the sight most eminently agreeable to us was that of a huge kettle or caldron, over which bent a wrinkled and swarthy Egyptian, now adding spices and seasoning with the air of a true connoisseur in cooking, and now stirring the odorous compound with a master-hand. A circle of open-mouthed compatriots watched this process with intense eagerness, ever and anon bending forward to investigate its progress more closely, on which occasions they were usually sharply rebuffed by the cook, who, like all of his vocation, was privileged to be a little sour-tempered, and made a plentiful use of that privilege.

Our evening passed away very pleasantly in the discussion of the contents of this aforesaid kettle, and in enjoying the twilight coolness which proved such a refreshing contrast to the burning heat of the day. Following the example of our sententious host, who adhered steadfastly to his pipe, we smoked the daylight out and the evening in, and finally retired behind the heavy folds of our tent, to dream of the time when the armies of old Pharaoh trod these very sands.

The next morning, before the intense heat of the sun had time to dissipate the cool blue silence of the morning atmosphere, we were up and *en route* again through the vast solitudes of this unexplored region.

Towards noonday we passed the rugged peak of Mount Rubis, whose rocky sides ascend from the river's shore with rough and craggy majesty. Not a solitary tree broke its rigid outline, and nothing but stunted grass and dwarfish bushes seemed to flourish in the dreary spot, and we left this singular locality with a strange indefinite sensation of loneliness on our minds.

Our route lay along the stately shores of the Nile—that majestic stream whose every turn and winding is peopled with ten thousand historic legends and hoary associations, and in fancy we were transported back to the days when old Sesostris reigned in barbaric splendor along those very shores; and when the Pharaohs lived and died in a grandeur whose glory has streamed along the dark ages, even to the present time. We could almost behold the gilded barque of Cleopatra floating down the tide; we could almost hear the music of its oars, as they cleft the waves with swift and graceful motion. But the illusion was a short-lived one; and when we waked to the consciousness that we were trudging wearily along the glowing sands, all that remained of our phantasy was the blue, radiant sky, and the solemn flow of Father Nilus on his way!

We had heard many rumors of the magnitude and beauty of the celebrated Pyramids in the neighborhood of Mount Barkal, and went some little distance out of our way to obtain a view of these stupendous relics of antiquity.

Our guide thither was a graceful and agile young Arab, who beguiled the way by snatches of Eastern song, which seemed to come from the fulness of his light heart. With his picturesque mantle thrown lightly across his shoulders, and the turban folded over his rich dark brow, he made a very artistic appearance, and would have officiated very creditably for the hero of any romantic Arabian tale.

When at length we came in view of the stately piles of ancient architecture, an indescribable sensation of awe and reverence took possession of us. There they were, towering up into the sunny Egyptian air, like everlasting enigmas; no mortal can trace their origin, nor penetrate the deep mystery which surrounds their whole history.

Our guide informed us that the curious little temples or gateways, which were built on one side of most of these pyramids, were consecrated in former times to the worship of the Egyptian Deities, but we had heard so many different versions concerning them that we were hardly disposed to give much credence to this account.

We lingered for some time near these lofty piles. It was bright, Oriental moonlight when we set forth on our homeward way, and the last remembrances we had of the Pyramids were their long shadows stretching away over the sands in the vivid light of the moon, as they gradually seemed to recede from us into the distance.

To Thebes we looked forward with much anticipation, for, besides its countless associations with the past, it had also a deep and abiding interest in the present. Rachel was there—the beautiful Rachel—that peerless Queen of Living Tragedy, whose fame has penetrated even to the remotest corners of the earth!

It was little more than two years, since we had beheld her on the New York boards. Like all the rest of the world, we had been literally enchanted with her royal loveliness, and the passionate abandon with which she entered into the spirit of her personifications, and now we sighed to think how, with fading bloom and fading health, she had come to this land of light and sunshine, to seek renewed vigor among its palm trees and acacia groves.

Between Assouan and Thebes we had the companionship of a lively and agreeable American acquaintance, upon whom we had lighted by the merest chance in the world in the former city. We compared notes of travel, laid out places for the future, and talked of home with all the confidential gusto of fellow-countrymen meeting in a strange land, and as our comrade had made quite a long stay in this neighborhood, and was well acquainted with all its notabilities, he proved decidedly an acquisition to our little party.

One day, as we were lounging along, not many miles from Thebes, breathing in the fresh breeze from the river, our attention was arrested by two graceful "dababieh" which swept into our view, with white sails spread to catch the wind, and broad awnings stretched over the decks, to protect the voyagers from the ardor of the sun. The boatmen were briskly plying their oars, whose soft, monotonous dip just kept time with the low song they were humming, as the boat sped along through the clear transparent waves, like a white-winged bird.

"How lightly those boats skim along the river," I observed; "that must be a delightful mode of travelling, this warm day."

"They ought to move like swans, for they carry as precious a freight as ever Old Nile bore on his breast before!" replied my friend.

"Why, what is it?"

"Mademoiselle Rachel and her party are on board; those are her dababieh."

The simple Eastern barks became etherealized in an instant—the sunshine became a purple glow of romance, and even the stolid boatmen seemed all at once to acquire character in our eyes! It was Rachel, the lovely *tragedienne*, whose simplest tone had power to sway a listening multitude! And we looked with deep interest on the gliding boats which carried such a priceless burden.

A queenly figure was slowly promenading the deck beneath the shadow of the awning in the foremost bark. The step was very languid, and she leaned heavily upon the arm of her attendant cavalier for support; yet there was no mistaking the royal turn of her lofty head, the majestic grace of her slightest motion. Rachel was still herself, though pale and worn by slow disease—the indomitable spirit was there, which would succumb to naught but death itself!

And the boats passed by with fluttering sails and streaming

flags, and the silvery dip of many oars, leaving but one impression on our minds—that of the beautiful Jewess with her Sultana-like mien, as she stood on the deck, beneath the floating drapery that hung around.

Of course our conversation turned on her, when this establishment was out of sight, and we spoke of her residence on these shores, and the motives which had brought her hither.

"People talk of Egypt, because Rachel is here," said Lieutenant Arnold, our American friend; "her presence has given it a prestige which attracts the public attention eastward. The Viceroy, who is, without exception, the most enlightened of all the Oriental dignitaries, and who really fosters the fine arts within his dominions, is very anxious to do honor to this Queen of Art, and is desirous that she should accept a more stately conveyance on the Nile. Mademoiselle Rachel, however, absolutely declines any such testimonials, and with these two simple dababieh, she passes up and down the river, sometimes to Assouan and sometimes to Thebes, where she resides in the French palace."

"The French palace! And why do they call it so?"

"It is a small building, erected above the remains of a temple half buried in the earth, and given to France by Mehemet Ali, sometimes used by the French for one purpose, and sometimes for another, just as it happens. At present it is converted into the most charming little *salon* in the world, where Rachel is entertained with frank and open hospitality. We will go and see it when we reach Thebes, and you shall make a sketch of it if you choose, for any spot that is honored by the presence of Rachel is destined to become immortal!"

We entered Thebes late at night, very much wearied; and the gray clouds, which had obscured the beauty of the sunset, effectually precluded our obtaining a very extensive view of the city that night. But the next morning, when the radiant Egyptian sunrise unfolded its gold and crimson banners along the eastern sky, that was an atmosphere by which to view the Garden of Eden itself.

It seemed as though mirth and gaiety were almost out of place in the ancient streets of this old, old city—as though we must step lightly on the graves of the buried ages beneath our feet. We visited the stupendous ruins of the Temple of Karnak; and there, standing amid the fallen columns and moss-grown fragments, tried to go back in imagination to the time when that stately edifice first reared its colossal front. But it was in vain—the foundation of Thebes is lost in antiquity, and our brain only swam in the attempt, so we relinquished it.

Of course we crossed over to the left bank of the Nile to visit the remains of the once magnificent Memnonia. It was a melancholy excursion, after all, as are most visits to ruins, for they remind us in a manner too truthful to be agreeable of our own mortality.

We felt a great deal of curiosity to hear the celebrated vocal Memnonium, which had held so prominent a place among the marvels of our schoolboy days. We had often fancied it moaning out its lament to the winds, and now we were on the very spot, beneath the blue bright sky of the Orient, in a very romantic mood. Jack Harrison, the most sentimental of our party, immediately took out pencil and paper, and sat down to wait for an "inspiration," as he called it.

"The Memnonium cannot be silent!" he exclaimed. "Here is an enthusiastic group, fresh from the land of freedom, and full of the true poetic spirit. We shall have some sort of a welcome from it, I'm very sure!"

But the Memnonium remained absolutely silent, and the inspiration didn't come, so the disappointed Jack crumpled up his paper and aimed it at the unaccommodating relic of antiquity.

"Posterity has lost the finest poem ever written," he grumbled. "Come, I'm in favor of going somewhere else!"

We penetrated deep into the heart of the great necropolis of Thebes, which is a perfect museum of catacombs, figures and curious bits of sculpture. Among the mummies we did not greatly care to investigate. It is by no means a pleasant sensation that thrills you as you come suddenly upon one of these grinning ghastly effigies of humanity, black and withered with centuries. You do not like to be reminded that thousands of years ago these dried-up relics of mankind were just as busy and as full of life as yourself—and now—

For our part, we unanimously agreed in approving of the good old Scriptural custom of "burying our dead out of our sight," instead of laying them among the spices and oils and medicaments with which the Egyptian mourner embalms his departed kindred.

There was one curious group of sculpture found at the bottom of the tomb of Ames, in this necropolis, which presented an aspect at once ludicrous and pathetic. Probably it was a representation of some father and mother and their little child. They were perched, stiff and staring, on a stone seat, covered with a perfect maze of hieroglyphics, with a little almond-eyed babe at their feet—the mother holding something in the likeness of a flower and buds, doubtless intended to be typical of the group itself. At first we smiled involuntarily at the strained and unnatural position of the three, and the total want of all symmetry and proportion visible in every stroke; and then, as we remembered that it was an emblem of the sweet domestic affections, extending unbroken even into the tomb, we began to see something very touching in the simple group.

When we entered the open air once more, it seemed delightful to inhale the free, fragrant wind, and to know that the glorious sunshine was resting on us once more. We did not return directly to the modern settlement of Thebes, but rambled out into the open country, under the soft shadow of acacia-trees and tamarinds.

On the evening of the next day we took a boat and floated leisurely along the Nile, to view the abode of Rachel. Our rowers were not disposed to be in haste; there is an unconquerable indolence in the natives of these climates, the *dolce far niente* is inherent in their natures, and we lay stretched out enjoying the coolness and beauty of the water, by no means inclined to mend their lagging speed.

"Will Rachel recover?" asked Harrison.

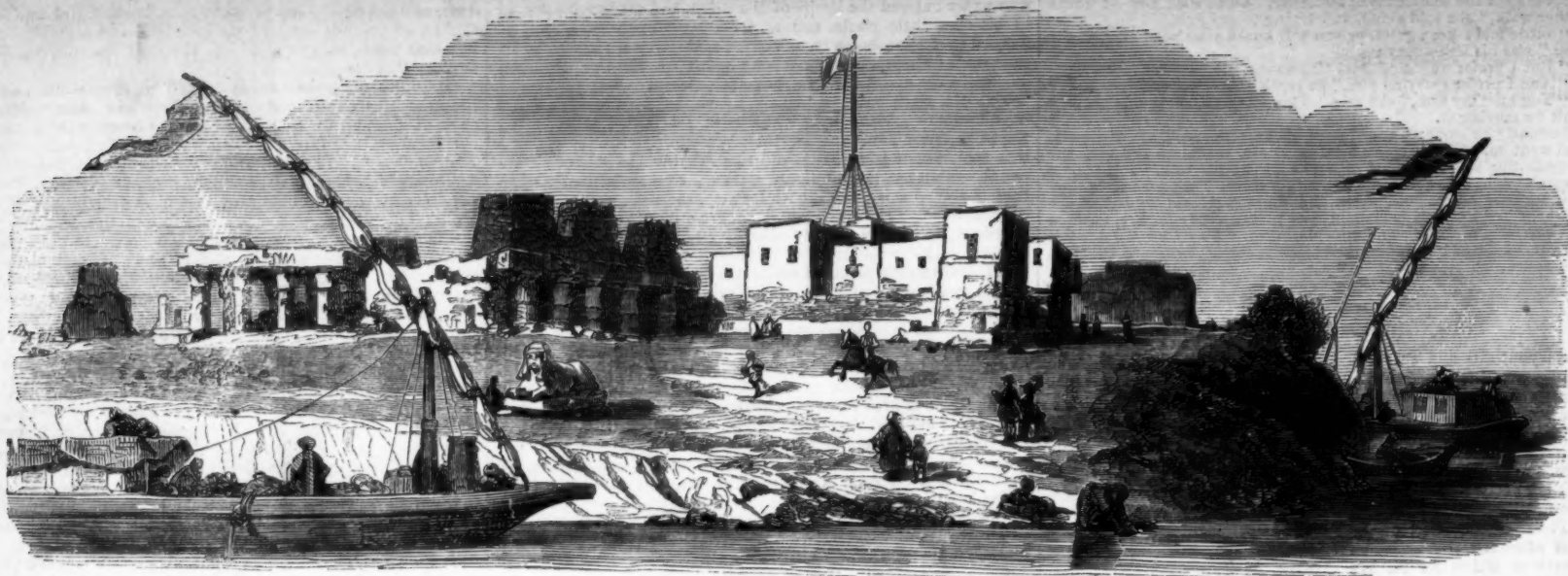
"No," said Lieutenant Arnold; "the keen blade has completely worn out its scabbard."

"Yet," said I, "this glorious climate, these delicious breezes, and this glowing sunshine would almost rescue one from a death-bed. There is health in every breath of wind that stirs the acacia leaves."

"Well, nous verrons," replied Lieutenant Arnold. "In the meantime, there is the cage that holds the drooping bird."

It was a picturesque place. The palace itself, aside from the presence of the great *tragedienne*, had no particular points of interest; it was simply a castle-like edifice, issuing from a jutting bit of land, and crowned with the national banner of France. But the ruins of the old temple at its side were exquisitely effective. The columns were overgrown with clinging parasites and creeping plants, and surrounded in the interior by bushes and shrubs. Two or three gigantic piles of stone rose defiantly above the pillars, as though they scorned the power of time, with their jagged points sharply outlined against the rosy sky; but there was something very melancholy in their solitary state.

A rude stone figure on the lawn which surrounded the *Palais de France*, as it is called, seemed the only attempt at ornament.



MDLE. RACHEL'S RESIDENCE AT THEBES.

I sketched the place as it appeared that evening in the mellow radiance of the declining sun. It is already known to fame as the sojourning place of Rachel, and it is not improbable that hereafter it will acquire a melancholy interest as the

had already had transient glimpses of several of these monsters among the reeds of the Nile, and the conversation naturally turned on them and their propensities.

"You remember reading of a town in Egypt called Crocodilo-

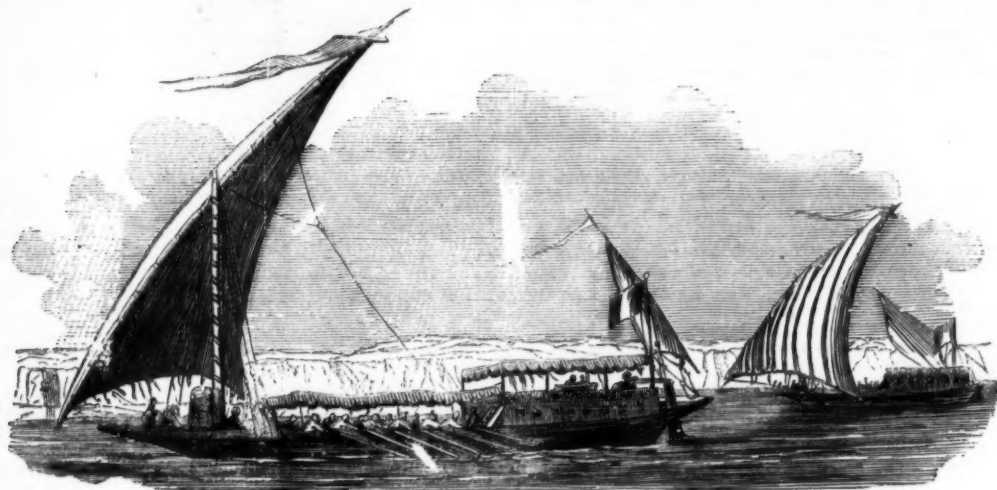
"I believe they are generally considered the same—the description certainly agrees," said Arnold. "The Egyptians call the crocodile 'Timsah,' and there is a wild lake in the desert called Lake Timsah, where you may see thousands of them."

"I fancy we can see one, at least, without going as far as that," observed Harrison, who had been "taking observations," with his pocket telescope; "for that is certainly a *bona-fide* crocodile suspended over yonder gate."

"You are mistaken," said Arnold, with an incredulous smile. "Look for yourself," returned Jack, passing the telescope to him. It went from hand to hand, or rather from eye to eye, and we all agreed that it certainly was a reality instead of a representation. And on arriving at the spot we found a group of Egyptians collected round, gazing upon the immense monster which hung over the gate by means of cords passed around his legs.

The spectators informed us, in reply to our questions, that this crocodile had infested the neighborhood for some time, lurking among the reeds where the flocks went down to drink, and suddenly snapping them up in his fearful jaws. On the last occasion, the herdsman, a little boy, hastened at once to Siout, which happened to be the nearest town, and a crowd of men soon sallied forth to attack the crocodile. He was found asleep, his jaws still reeking with the blood of the goat which had formed his last meal. The shouting of the men soon awoke the sleeping leviathan, and then came the tug of war in good truth. The contest was long and severe, and four men were killed before the fierce animal was slain. Ropes were then fastened to his huge carcass, and he was drawn back triumphantly to the town and there suspended as we beheld him.

Siout is an old place, but has no particular interest beyond the Scriptural associations above alluded to. As our stay in Egypt was to be limited, we were desirous of going on towards the mouth of the Nile, and so bade Lieutenant Arnold adieu at this stage of our journey, and passed on. Nothing of particular interest occurred upon our further route, and in a few weeks we were speeding up the Mediterranean with a fair wind and a clear sky; and many a summer evening during that voyage was spent



THE "DAHABICHS" USED BY MDLE. RACHEL ON THE NILE.

last earthly residence of the greatest tragic actress of modern times.

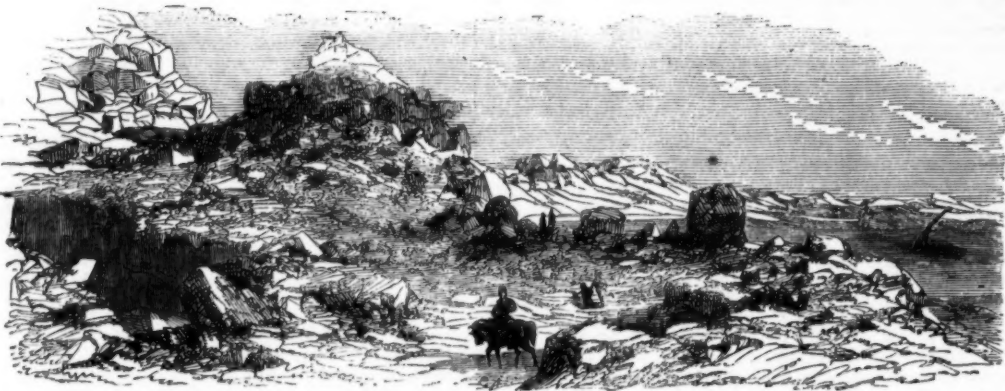
We rode back to our quarters again, and on the way employed our time in talking about our future motions. We concluded to leave Thebes the next day, and as Lieutenant Arnold was bound for an ancient city some distance further down the Nile, called Siout, we decided to keep together—at least until we reached that point.

Meeting in foreign countries is very different from meeting at home. If we had seen Lieutenant Arnold on Broadway, we should probably have passed one another with a very polite bow, and nothing more; but seeing one another at Assouan, we became Damon and Pythias at once, and in two hours the most friendly and confidential intercourse was established!

The journey between Thebes and Siout seemed no trifle, especially when accomplished on foot, and by the slow aid of camels and dromedaries; but at length we came in sight of the rude walls of the latter city. Perhaps it would be more befitting to call it a town, for it certainly has few pretensions to the more sounding title of city. It is said to be the place where the infant Christ was taken by Joseph and Mary, when they fled into Egypt at the Angel's bidding, to save "the young child" from the cruel hand of Herod.

For some time before we reached the palace, we busied ourselves in trying to "make out" something above the gateway. At first it appeared to be an arch rudely carved above the gate, then some figure in basso relievo, and finally we came to the conclusion that must be the representation of a crocodile. We

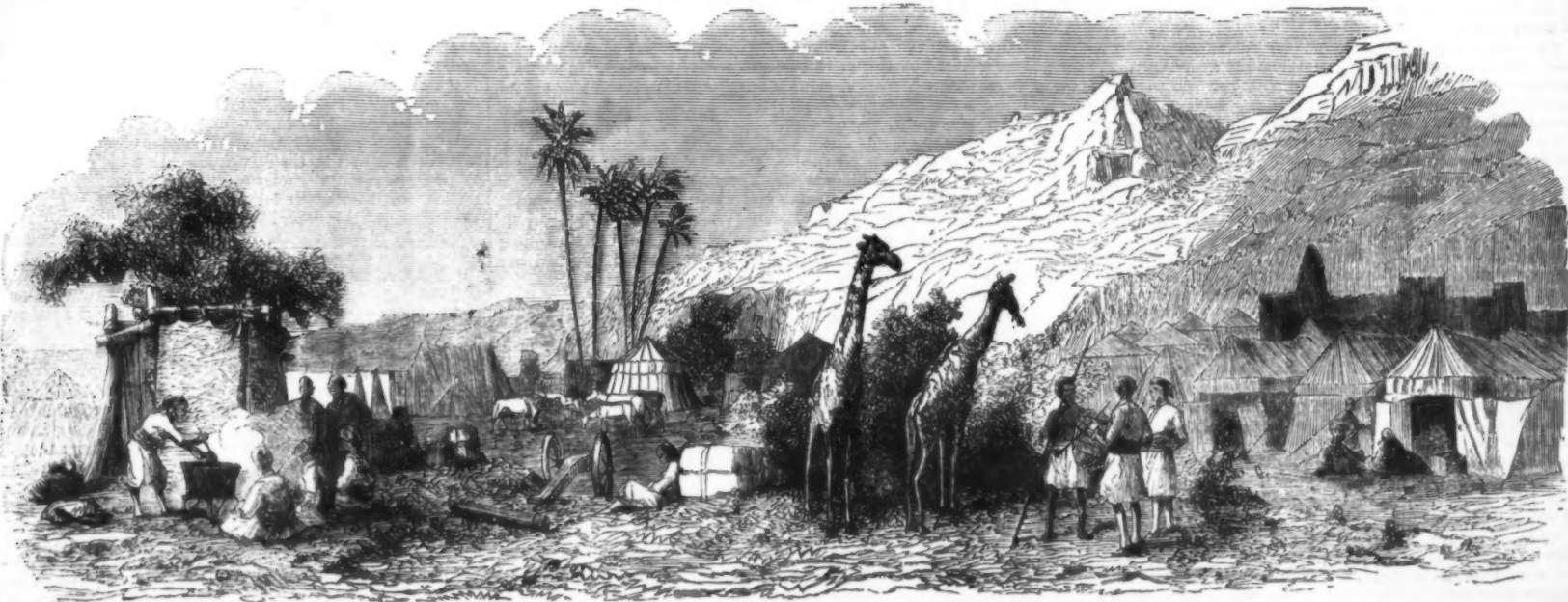
pollis, where in old times they used to worship Leviathan?" said Lieutenant Arnold.



MOUNT RUBIS, NEAR KOROSKO.

"Yes; I suppose there is no doubt but the crocodile and the Leviathan of Scripture are one and the same," said Harrison.

In recalling our pleasant adventures along the shores of the river Nile.



AN ENCAMPMENT OF EGYPTIAN TROOPS AT KOROSKO, IN LOWER NUBIA.

J. H. FITZGIBBON, OF ST. LOUIS.

Mr. Fitzgibbon is universally known in this country and in Europe as one of the oldest and most successful operators in the Daguerrean and Photographic art, having first commenced its



J. H. FITZGIBBON, ESQ., DAGUERREAN ARTIST, ST. LOUIS, MO.

pursuit in its infancy. Having decided to pursue it as a business, he settled in St. Louis and established his gallery, which has been from its commencement one of the interesting places of resort not only of that growing city, but also for the people of the Great West. He has from time to time introduced many useful improvements, and by his pen contributed largely to the journals devoted to the photographic art. From innate modesty he adopted the signature of "Justice." We recollect reading his criticism on the daguerreotypes at the Crystal Palace, which at that time created considerable excitement among the artists. He has also written some excellent sketches under the titles of "Life in a Daguerrean Gallery," "The Arkansas Traveller," "Daguerreotyping in the Backwoods," "The Elevation and Degradation of the Arts," and many articles, some intended for amusement, and some of a useful character. His collection of Indian heads is the finest in the country; he has also one of the best collections of colored photographs, many of them of large size and very valuable, one of which is of G. V. Brooke, the actor, as Richard the III., on a canvas over six feet high, the cost of getting up of which was seven hundred dollars. His collection of celebrated persons is unequalled; few men who have figured in public life for the last fifteen years are unrepresented. To the city of St. Louis Fitzgibbon's fine art galleries are reckoned among the permanent institutions of the city, and strangers from abroad consider it a matter of duty to pay them a visit, for the purpose of examining the varied treasures which are exhibited on the walls. Our paper has from time to time been enriched with many views of cities, landscapes and portraits, the result of his labor.

ROBT. W. GIBBES, M.D., COLUMBIA, S.C.

Among the distinguished men whose names are familiar with every useful enterprise of South Carolina, no one is more deservedly honored than Dr. Robert W. Gibbes. In the construction of his mind he is essentially American, for his power to adapt himself to the varied duties of life is unsurpassed. A physician by choice, he is an editor of ability, and a politician of leading influence. In all that he does usefulness is the leading motive that governs his actions. The Doctor was born in the city of Charleston, S. C., on the 8th of July, 1809; he is the son of the late venerable William Hasell Gibbes, a patriot of the Revolution, who from colonial times until very recently was Master in Equity for Charleston District. His mother was Mary Philips Wilson, sister of Doctors Samuel and Robt. Wilson deceased, physicians of extensive practice. Dr. Gibbes

came of a stock long and honorably identified with his native State, as its early records indicate. The Hon. Robert Gibbes, his great-grandfather, was one of the colonial Governors of South Carolina, and afterwards Chief Justice. Dr. Robert W. Gibbes received his early education in South Carolina College, from which institution he graduated in 1827. Having selected the medical profession he attended lectures in Philadelphia, but took his degree in the Medical College of his native State. Choosing Columbia for his home, he has been publicly identified with that city for more than thirty years, prominent in the advancement of every public matter, whether a railway enterprise, a manufactory, or a literary institution; yet never neglecting his profession, sustaining a character of noble hospitality, a friend of the widow and orphan, the patron of youthful genius and merit, and the benefactor of the poor.

He has twice worn the honors of the Mayoralty of Columbia, and was Assistant Professor of Chemistry in his own *Alma Mater*, the South Carolina College, with such reputation that he was tendered the full Professorship, which he declined, preferring to devote himself to his practice. To the medical, scientific and literary journals of the country he has largely contributed, and many of his articles have been republished in France and Germany. His name is honorably mentioned by Humboldt in his *Kosmos*, by Audubon, in his great work on Ornithology, and in other scientific journals of Europe and the United States. He is a member of as many literary and scientific societies, at home and abroad, as any man in South Carolina; and he is known to the Union as a scientific man. The late Drs. Morton and Warren, among the eminent dead, were his intimate friends; and, among the eminent living, Agassiz, Henry, Bache, W. C. Preston, Fraser, and others, bear towards him the same relation. The Smithsonian Institute asks for his researches as valuable contributions of knowledge to its scientific treasury; and Professor Henry, its President, has tendered Dr. G. the publication of his plates, illustrative of paleontology and fossil remains, at the cost of the Institute. He is the author and editor of several volumes of the *Documentary History of South Carolina*, and is the author of several other highly esteemed literary and scientific works.

He was recently unanimously elected President of the Medical Association of the State of South Carolina, and has represented the medical profession of the State at the National Medical Convention, lately held at Nashville, Tennessee. Of the mechanical and business interests he has been a constant and generous friend, liberally endorsing for their support; and it is in consequence of like liberality to the press, that, to save himself from heavy loss, he has been compelled to become a newspaper proprietor and editor, greatly to the disturbance of his literary and scientific pursuits, to which he is devoted, and overburthening with labor one engaged in extensive practice as a physician. The poor artist has felt the genial influence of his benevolence, and been fostered by it into fame and eminence; as witness poor Deveau, whose remains now repose in the Eternal City. The widow and the orphan have been consoled and gladdened by him in their poverty; or, if endowed with either independence or moderate means, seek him as their business agent and counsellor.

In his position of editor, his friends claim for him that he has had the distinguished honor of contending for the rights of the press and corporators against the Know Nothing Council of Columbia, who claimed the right to eject him from a public meeting lest he should report their proceedings, and he has been rewarded for his manly resistance to arrogant usurpation by a verdict in his favor. For his noble defence of the liberty of the press he deserves, and receives everywhere, the thanks of his fellow-citizens.

THE PRINCES AND KINGDOM OF OUDE.

THE magnificently-dressed figures which we give in our engraving represent the Princes of Oude in their full court costumes, blazoned with diamonds, such as are only worn on state occasions



ROBERT W. GIBBES, M. D., OF COLUMBIA, S. C.

the dresses in which they recently appeared before the Queen of England. They each wear the same sort of high coronet cap of gold and jewels, but ornamented with a few small feathers, and without the silver ornaments which were noticed on the presentation in the case of the Queen of Oude. The young prince's dress is most elaborately decorated with jewels, the material on which they are wrought being composed of the velvet cloth of gold. It can readily be imagined that they present a rare display of oriental magnificence, and must have shone out with marked effulgence when contrasted with the severe taste of the people at the court of England's Queen.

At the present time the Princes of Oude are attracting a great deal of attention. They are, with the Queen of that country, in London, professedly for the purpose of obtaining justice from the British Government for injuries they have received from the Governors of the East India Company. While engaged in this mission, the people of England are startled by the insurrection in India, and the Queen of Oude not only finds herself in the midst of her enemies' stronghold, but learns, with sorrow, that her

husband, the ex-King of Oude, is suspected of being accessory to the insurrection, has been seized in his palace, his followers disarmed, and conveyed a prisoner to Fort William. The Queen, learning this, has addressed a petition to the House of Lords, denying that the ex-King is in any way involved in the conspiracy, declaring her faith in the throne of England, and expressing her firm conviction that justice will be done her family. It is very evident that she will petition in vain. Her chances were desperate before the present Indian outbreak, we now look upon them as hopelessly past remedy. Any nominal power the princes of India may have enjoyed in the British possession, will now be done away with, the King of Delhi will be an example of terror, and half-independent native sovereigns will cease to exist.

The Princes of Oude, nevertheless, are now objects of interest. They are among the few living representatives of those mighty eastern sovereigns that once reigned over the Indies, and spread terror through the world. Beside this, a dethroned monarch is always an object of commiseration, even when his conduct has merited animadversion. When Charles X. quitted St. Cloud for Holyrood, never to return, the late Sir Walter Scott prepared the public of the northern metropolis for his reception by an article of a poetical and sympathetic character, in which he spoke of his "gray and disrowned head." Itinerant sovereigns



PRINCES OF OUDE, ELDEST SON AND HEIR TO THE DEPOSED KING, AND THE KING'S BROTHER, IN THE DRESSES WORN AT THEIR RECENT RECEPTION BY THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

reigns of all times, from Mithridates down to the late Gustavus of Sweden, have met with sympathy when the sceptre had passed from their hands.

Looking to English authority, we learn that the Hindoo settlement of Oude is of great antiquity and obscurity; but, we find, that at the close of the twelfth century the Moslem conquest took place, and thenceforward it became an integral part of the Mogul empire. The ex-royal family were the viziers or ministers of the great Mogul during that interesting period of history when the Clives in camp and the Hastings in council added so unscrupulously to the territories of the East India Company. But out of the ruins of the Mogul empire they rose to royalty, under the patronage of the Company. They could not, therefore, like many princes, claim antecedent vested interests; their royalty was of English creation for Indian purposes, and the dynasty has had *ab initio* no *locus standi*, except that of stewardship for the suzerain power. The frightful misgovernment of Oude had for many years attracted the attention of many humanely-disposed persons in the councils of India; and nearly twenty years ago the father of the ex-King came under the most solemn engagement by treaty to establish such a system of administration, as should be conducive to the prosperity of his subjects, and be calculated to secure the lives and property of the inhabitants. The King, moreover, undertook always to advise with, and act in conformity to, the counsel of the officers of the Company.

The treaty, however, proved to be a piece of waste paper. No attention was paid either to its provisions or to the counsels of the British agents. In 1842, Mohammed Ali Shah died, and his son ascended the throne, under the title of Aboonzaffer Muslah-ood-deen, to whom a term was given for carrying out the requisite changes. The ex-King of Oude was bound by solemn treaty to particular administrative reforms; but years of misgovernment having passed over his head without adequate attention paid to the representations of the British agents, it was found requisite to resort to the extreme measure of mediation. The result has been that the self-love of the reigning family has been deeply wounded. But the irregular, disorderly, and extortionate native Government of Oude has ceased to exist. The family was dethroned, but the fall was softened by an annual pension of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

The ex-royal family of Oude is not of the Hindoo faith, but Moslem of the sect of Shea, that is to say, those who acknowledge the Imanati in the reputed descendants of Ali. To this sect belong the Persians, and many tribes in Syria and other parts of the East. (To the other sect of Abou Bekr belong the Turks, the Moors of Barbary, the Afghans of Cabool, &c.) The Shea Moslems, to which the ex-royal family of Oude belong, consider eating with those not of their own faith to be a pollution—as it is called *nidgis*, or unclean. Their great festival is necessarily the commemoration of the death of Hussein, the son of Ali, so splendidly described by Gibbon.

The territory of Oude is one of the finest in India, being situated between the Upper Ganges and the lower spurs of the Himalaya. In proceeding from Calcutta in a north-west direction, Oude is about half way to Cashmere, but not so far up the valley of the Ganges as Delhi. The region next the Ganges is rich and populous, producing rice which in the Ayeen Akbery is stated to be incomparable for whiteness, delicacy, odor, and digestiveness, as well as other farinaceous crops, which grow in the rich alluvia. But the so-called sub-Himalaya is through the greater part of it a wooded marsh with a deadly climate, with a jungle or underwood giving shelter to elephants, tigers, and wild hogs, as well as various other animals, such as the rhinoceros, the wild bull, the wolf, the hyena, the blue antelope, the porcupine, and the wild cat. Von Orlich mentions a tiger being killed by his party which measured nine feet from the head to the tail. In this savage district wolves are known to have carried off children even out of the bazaars in the villages. Of what we in this country call game there is great abundance, comprising foxes, hares, deer, partridges, quails, wild geese, and wild ducks. Unfortunately the deadly climate repels the European sportsmen from regions where, moreover, the tiger is also on the look-out for sport, and to whose maw a little humanity comes not amiss.

Oude is about two hundred and seventy miles in length, and about one hundred and sixty in breadth, that is to say, from the Ganges to the Himalaya, and the population may be set down as somewhat under three millions—so that its size is like that of Ireland, and its population like that of Scotland. The chief towns are Lucknow, the capital, and Oude, or Aoodah. The language is Hindostanee, with a greater admixture of Persian and Arabic, in the popular dialect, than in the lower Bengal. The religion is Brahminical, and the great festival is that of Rama, which is celebrated in the autumn, and causes congregations of many thousand persons in particular spots. The soil and climate are admirably adapted for the cultivation of cotton and sugar, which are at the present time very partially developed; and, as every portion of the Ganges contiguous to Oude is navigable, nature has provided a grand canal for the shipment of the raw produce. As to fruits, tobacco, and other luxuries, the facilities for their production are boundless. Irrigation, Thornton informs us, is extensively practised for the rubber, or crop, sown in the autumn and reaped in spring. The water, in considerable portion, is raised either from wells, tanks, or rivers. The wells are in some places sixty or seventy feet deep, and from such the water is generally raised in a bucket, or leathern bag, brought up by a rope passing over a pulley or roller at the top, and worked by cattle; but where the poverty of the cultivator precludes him from this assistance, he and his family must themselves work the well-rope. The Persian wheel is not in use in Oude. Such irrigation is, however, becoming continually more difficult and precarious. The entire surface of the country is increasing in aridity; tanks replenished during the rainy season are now sooner exhausted than formerly, and wells must be dug much deeper than heretofore to yield the accustomed supply of water.

The native manufactures are scanty, and in course of extinction from their antiquated character. Matchlocks, and bows and arrows for the use of the people in the back country, are manufactured in these days of revolvers and Minie rifles, just as they were in those of the great Mogul. The proper business of the people is agriculture, and the inhabitants are a healthy set of men.

The chief curse of the country was the present Government, which might be said to have organized insecurity. Butcher informs us that until 1837 the messengers of the King used to go with litters to the houses of persons of all ranks, and by force carry off women and girls, whether married or unmarried. The army was about sixty thousand men, and they were chiefly employed in coercion. Being ill paid, they used to help themselves like the Arnauts in the Ottoman dominions; and so great was the exasperation and oppression, that the farmers of revenue had to take the field with a military force as if invading a foreign country. The courts of law even in the Company's territory are, in spite of every supervision, liable to many abuses; but in Oude, as far as justice was concerned, they were a completely negative quantity. A new era of prosperity for Oude is anticipated, now that it is supposed to be entirely under British authority; and whatever may be our prejudice against British aggression in India, there cannot be a doubt that "British extortion and British tyranny" is less degrading and less destructive to the happiness of the people, than that of the native princes.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE STREET.—This magnificent and popular establishment is open every evening, for a variety of attractive entertainments by the great double Company of the

WONDERFUL RAVELS, who appear nightly in a series of Fairy Pieces, Spectacles and Pantomimes. The beautiful and talented **SIGNORINA ROLLA**, from Venice, Milan, Paris and London, also appears in **GRAND BALLET AND DIVERTISSEMENT.** **THURSDAY, Sept. 3d.**—MAZULM, and other pieces by the Ravel. **FRIDAY, Sept. 4.**—Mlle. ROLLA in Ballet. **SATURDAY, Sept. 5th.**—The RAVELS in a variety of Entertainments. Doors open at 7; Performance commences at 8 o'clock. Tickets 50 cents.

Laura Keene's Theatre, 622 and 624 Broadway, Near Houston Street.—Miss Laura Keene, Solo Lessee and Directress. Now open for the Season, with an able and efficient Stock Company. Doors open at 7. The performance will commence with the Overture at 7½ o'clock. Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, 585 BROADWAY, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.—T. B. JOHNSTON, Stage Manager. W. B. MOORE, Treasurer. Open every evening, with a talented company. Doors open at Seven o'clock. Curtain will rise a quarter before Eight. Admission, 25 cents. Orchestra Seats, 50 cents.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FOURTEENTH STREET.—ITALIAN OPERA—SEASON 1887-8. First appearance in America of **Mlle. ERMINIE FREZZOLINI**, Monday, September 7.

GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS, 444 BROADWAY, BELOW GRAND STREET.—Henry Wood, Business Manager. Geo. Christy, Stage Manager. This Company, after a most successful visit to Philadelphia, where they have performed in twelve nights to over 26,000 persons, will appear at their old quarters every evening during the week. Doors open at 7; commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 5, 1887.

WILL AMERICA AND EUROPE BE UNITED BY TELEGRAPH?

SINCE the breaking of the Atlantic Telegraph wire, the possibility of laying it has more than heretofore been gravely discussed, and in many instances those tolerably sanguine have become doubters, and those always doubtful have been confirmed in their scepticism. It is very apparent that if the ships employed to lay the cable had continued toward Newfoundland at the rate of five miles an hour, and the cable had in the meantime paid out eight or nine, that they never would have reached their destination with any part of the telegraph wire on board; this is perfectly evident, for the wire would have travelled in such a circuitous route, that the coils would have exhausted themselves long before they would have supplied an end to attach to the American shores. To say that the line when paid out must necessarily sink, is simply to announce an absurdity; for in making soundings, the heaviest kinds of weights had to be used to reach the depth of a mile or more, and why should the telegraph wire go down with any more gravity than the lines used in sounding? The more we contemplate this subject, the more it strikes us that, as the cable is paid out, it is taken up to the eternal surge of the middle sea, enbowed in those fearful under-currents which everywhere exist in the Atlantic, and is carried hither and thither like a straw, or like the wreck of a mighty ship, for either weight would be equally unfelt by the surging waters of those vast depths. Every schoolboy who has amused himself in flying a kite knows, that after he has got his toy to a certain height in the air, that all additional efforts to elevate it by adding on twine, gets the kite no higher, but simply makes the string "belly," finally to drag the kite down to the earth; and why should adding of the telegraph wire to Valentia Island have any other effect? Had the wire not been broken, had the Niagara kept out of the way of the cable, the result would have been, so far as we can judge, that her portion of it would have been exhausted, and yet not her share of the voyage accomplished.

It must be also remembered that the two greatest nations on the earth loaned their resources to the Telegraphic Company, to assist it in laying down the cable. The two finest war ships ever built, and the largest vessels afloat have been dismantled and torn to pieces to admit of carrying the cable, and two or three thousand men-of-war's-men, brought together and under discipline, have assisted in placing this cable on the ships. Now who seriously believes that the Governments of England and America will ever offer the like facilities again? Are the Agamemnon and Niagara to remain cut up and gutted for a whole year for the purpose of trying this experiment again? Could so great a sacrifice be expected? It may be set down as a thing incontrovertible, that if the cable is removed from these ships it will never be put upon them again.

Supposing then that the Company remains undiscouraged, has plenty of capital, and desires next August to repeat the experiment of laying the cable; where is it to get ships to carry it, or men to haul it "on board" and superintend its distribution along the "telegraph plateau?" We indulge the hope that our despondent feelings about the final success of this most wonderful enterprise of the nineteenth century may be without foundation, and form the mere fancies of a disordered imagination; but from the commencement we have sympathized with the friends of the enterprise without being sanguine, and with them rejoiced without having hope. Treating our own fears as unworthy of consideration, we fondly floated along with the current of expectation, and indulged in the anticipated glory which would result in the success of the undertaking; but on sober reflection it forces us now to ask, "Will America and Europe be united by telegraph?"

THE HIGH PRICE OF PROVISIONS.

WITHIN the last year or two, the cost of food has so materially increased, that many families, in ordinary times considered in "good circumstances," have had to dispense with luxuries, or be economical in the use of the prime necessities of life. The articles of sugar and beef have gone up to starvation figures, and the latter named article within a few days reached a higher point than was ever known in the history of the country.

These results have naturally taken the public by surprise, and the question is asked, How can it be, that in a land of

such abundance, of so much enterprise, and so much public domain, that the products of agriculture, and those depending on them, should become so scarce; and furthermore, if the present state of things continues, what is to be the result? Alarm has been actually felt; there seemed to be somewhere an inequality between production and consumption that would never harmonize. Happily for the future, an examination into the statistics solves the problem, and leaves our minds clear that the evils complained are not the results of permanent and incurable circumstances, but grew out of natural causes, that probably have ere this, at least in part, corrected themselves. Agriculture, compared with other pursuits in the last seventeen years, has not advanced in proportionate ratio. In fact, in that time, it has fallen off when compared with the steady growth of population.

Another cause of high prices has grown out of the fact, that we have made large exportations to foreign countries; but more than all are we indebted for the evil complained of, not only to the influx of emigrants, but also to the immense immigration to the West of persons who previously produced more than they consumed. Losing a year in establishing themselves upon their new farms, what they would have added to the general stock of wealth is taken away, and a sensible decrease in the aggregate amount is the result. The prospects now are, that the crops in Europe will be abundant, and that our granaries will not be necessary for the people abroad, thus leaving a large amount at home for our own consumption. This may have the effect to lessen the comparative wealth of the Western States, but it will shed a genial influence over the country at large, and the relief will tend to the universal prosperity. No class of our citizens are so independent as our farmers, and for some years back they have been paid better prices than were ever before received for their labor; they have consequently grown rich, increased their boundaries, surrounded themselves with substantial improvement, and can stand a year of low prices, if we are to have such a one, without affecting their happiness or really lessening their wealth. Meantime the millions who are toiling in the towns and cities will find their tables better supplied and at less expense, and the very people who most need the relief of cheaper food will enjoy the blessing.

CITY GOSSIP.

THE chief topic of the week has been the "financial crisis," which has agitated not only Wall street and the city, but the whole of the country. When the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company was made known the oldest and most experienced, and likewise the supposed wealthiest brokers, trembled in their shoes and lost their judgment. One of the heaviest operators suspended right off, his seat became vacant in the Board of Brokers, and the whole community looked on aghast. The next morning, however, he shook himself, rubbed his eyes, found that there was nothing broken, that he was whole in fact, walked down town, resumed his business, and took his seat in the Board as usual, as if nothing had happened.

With regard to the probable result of the caving in of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, opinions differ widely. Some think that its creditors will obtain nothing, while other accounts represent the concern as having available means of a cool million or two over all liabilities. Before our next issue developments will in all probability have been made which will show the actual state of the affairs of the company.

DEATH OF RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, D. D.

This eminent American *literateur* died on Thursday, the 27th inst., in the forty-third year of his age. He had been sick for some time, and his death was not altogether unexpected, but it is not the less regretted. The crowded state of our columns this week compels us to omit the obituary notice of Dr. Griswold which we had prepared; but it will appear in our next.

OUR HORSES IN ENGLAND.

Princess has been again defeated, and this time more ignominiously than before. Either she is no match for the horses against which she competes, or the want of training, of which her jockey in the first race complains, is a deplorable fact. She was ridden in the second race by one of the most experienced jockeys in England, and yet she came in the fourth horse. This is poor doing after so much bragging. We deeply regret that the debit of American horses upon the English turf should have been of so sorry a kind. If the horses were not fit to run they should have been withheld until a favorable opportunity. We must come to the conclusion that the whole affair has been badly managed, and unless some steps are taken to redeem our character, we shall have to keep quiet about our superior speed, bottom, and training. We have undiminished faith in our horses, but they must go to their work without a blench, when we shall hear a very different account of their performances.

THE LATE GALE.

The heavy gale of the 27th and 28th ult., from the south-east, did much damage in our harbor. Two ships were driven ashore on Squan Beach, and an English schooner stranded at Sandy Hook. No lives were lost, and it is thought that two at least of the vessels can be got off without any very serious damage.

The ship Roswell Sprague, Capt. Patten, from Cardiff, before reported ashore near Squan Inlet, had three feet of water in her hold on the 28th inst. She went on at three o'clock that morning. She lies on the outer bar, broadside to the sea—a bad position.

The ship Clara Brookman, Capt. Higgins, from Liverpool for New York, before reported ashore below Squan Inlet, is full of water, and has lost her mast and bowsprit. She struck at 12:30 on the morning of the 28th inst. It is said that all hopes of saving her are given up.

The Carlo Alberto, an Italian bark, Capt. Revello, bound from Genoa to this port, went ashore on the morning of the 28th, eight miles north of Barnegat, and will be a total wreck.

RYALTY OF OCEAN STEAMERS.

The Vanderbilt and the Collins' line of steamers, starting on the same day, race all the way until they reach their destination. Thus far, the Vanderbilt has out-distanced its rivals, and has gained no little renown thereby. The Vanderbilt claims to have beaten the time of the Cunard liner Persia by thirty minutes in a nine days' steam. The English papers, however, deny the claim, making the Persia the victor by some eight or nine hours. A new contestant will enter the field in a week or two, when the struggle will reach its climax. George Steers' most famous model, the steamship Adriatic, will start in a few days and, if she accomplishes all that is expected from her, she will leave competition far in the rear. We shall see; but we do hope that in striving for superior speed the safety of the precious freight of human souls will be carefully guarded. We are told that the engineers of the Cunard steamers are allowed a certain rate of speed, beyond which they dare not go, so that their greatest amount of speed has yet to be known. Some such regulation should be enforced on every line of steamships, and the hairbreadth risks, of which we hear so much, would then be avoided.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EMPEROR NAPOLEON OPPOSED TO CRINOLINE.

EVEN amidst the troubles and complications of politics, Napoleon finds time to have his merry jests. Before his departure from Plombières, the Emperor said one day, I, u-hingly, that he should have time and the leisure afforded him by his stay at the Baths, to devise some means of putting down the abuse to which the exorbitant spreading of crinoline had given, in consequence of his own neglect in having allowed it to increase to such exaggerated proportions. The Empress, with merry mockery, defied him—declared that crinoline, like every other natural production, would have its day, and certainly could not be put down by force, the very elasticity of its nature forbidding any idea of success by violence. "We must have recourse to justice," said his Majesty, "in order to induce the ladies to humor us by this little sacrifice, and I could venture a wager that some plan might be devised which would make them come forward of their own accord to give in their resignation." "Never, ever," cried the Empress; "the fashion must die out—it never can be put down." "Well, let us hope," was his Majesty's only observation, turning to his fellow-sufferers in tight, who had been horribly squeezed by the tyrant during dinner. The little scene was often referred to by the ladies during the intimate conversations at St. Cloud, and much triumph was expressed at the evident *non plus* to which the Emperor had been put, as the time passed by and no announcement of the dreaded device made its appearance. The other day, however, the Empress was somewhat startled from the *diver far niente* of her existence by an official demand of audience on the part of the Minister of Police! The shock was immense; all kinds of suppositions were, of course, set afloat in an instant, and although the hour of audience was fixed as near as possible, the anxiety and impatience of all within the chateau can scarcely be imagined. Monsieur Pietri appeared at length, with solemn and official but not sad countenance. He said that he was commissioned by his Majesty to demand a private audience of her Majesty, for the mere purpose of consulting her in a little matter in which her advice would be most valuable. He then drew from his *portefeuille* a *projet d'ordonnance*, which, he said, had been sent to him from his Majesty, who had drawn it up at Plombières; and read it aloud to the Empress, who sat in silent astonishment.

ment, wondering what on earth was coming next, a long réplique, compelling all ladies of a certain class, under penalty of fine and imprisonment, to wear a certain extent of ermine, the number of metres in said petticoat to be determined by the ladies whose names followed—in order that the régime might not interfere with the fashion adopted by the beau monde, and that the present confusion might no longer exist. Such was the complete gravity and self-possession of the Minister, that for a moment the Empress was really mystified and perplexed beyond measure. It was only when Monsieur Pietri, gently rolling up the *ordonnance*, requested permission to leave it for her Majesty's reflection and filling up before it was sent back for signature, that the truth broke upon her, and she laughed heartily—declared herself vanquished, for the moment at all events—dismissed the Minister gaily, and immediately set about devising with the ladies of her suite, especially those whose names are set down in the *ordonnance*, some piquant which shall counteract the effect of this wicked conceit on the part of the Emperor.

IMPORTANCE OF AN "APOSTROPHE."

A very nice point is said to be likely to occupy the French courts of law. Monsieur de M— died on the 27th of February last, leaving a will entirely in his own handwriting, which he concludes thus: "And to testify my affection for my nephews, Charles and Henri de M—, I bequeath to each d'eux (i.e., of them) [for *deux*, i.e., two] hundred thousand francs."

The paper was folded before the ink was dry, and the writing is blotted in many places. The legacies assert that the apostrophe is one of those blots; but the heir-at-law, a legitimate son of the deceased, maintains, on the contrary, that the apostrophe is intentional. This apostrophe is worth, to him, two hundred thousand francs, or eight thousand pounds sterling; and as the learned in the law cannot find in the context any clue to the real intention of the testator, it will be curious to watch the result of the contest.

THE HEAD OF A FRENCH SURGEON.

A curious illustration of the enthusiasm of science was exhibited at the exhumation of the great surgeon Bichat, upon the occasion of their removal to the Cemetery de l'Est. The medical congress appointed to superintend the ceremony, and attest the authenticity of the remains, awaited in awe and silence their bringing to light by the gravedigger, and a murmur of respect and veneration ran through the assembly as, by degrees, those honored relics were uncovered. The skeleton was found perfect—lying exactly as it had been interred—all, saving the skull, was found complete and entire. Search was made in every direction for the missing skull without effect, and various were the surmises created by its mysterious absence, when lo! to the utter stupefaction of all present, Dr. Roux, one of Bichat's successors at the Hotel Dieu, stepped forward, and, drawing from his pocket a human skull, held it aloft for a moment, proclaimed it to be that of the great Bichat, stolen from his grave forty years ago, and entered upon a learned osteologic disquisition, which amply proved the fact to his initiated hearers. The skull, then crowned with a wreath of *immortelles* which was found suspended by some unknown hand upon the tomb of the illustrious doctor when the learned body arrived at the spot, was placed with the rest of the bones in a new coffin, and the ceremony proceeded. The story told by Roux is this: Having learnt from the wife of the gravedigger of St. Catherine's that an Englishman had offered her husband a large sum of money to obtain possession of the skull of Dr. Bichat, Roux immediately hurried to the gravedigger, menacing him with the vengeance of the whole Ecole de Médecine if he dared to desecrate the grave of his idol. Overcome with terror, the unfortunate culprit confessed that the deed was already done, and that the skull was already packed, waiting for the Englishman, who was to come and fetch it that very night. Warned by the threats of Dr. Roux, the gravedigger drew from his provision cupboard, by the side of the chimney, the skull, and, placing it in the learned doctor's hands, begged hard for forgiveness—promising never to offend *ces Messieurs* of the Ecole again. Roux took the skull home to examine, but during all these years never betrayed the secret, or gave up the precious treasure.

MOSAIC ITEMS.

Count Nesselrode, the veteran diplomatist, has arrived in Paris. This is the first visit he has paid France since 1815.

M. de Morny's mission to Russia cost 1,700,000, or £68,000.

M. Emile de Girardin has left Paris for Switzerland and Italy. His elegant villa in the *Champs Elysées* is advertised for sale.

The Emperor of France has ordered a handsome monument to be placed over the remains of Beranger.

Madame Ortolan has been engaged by Mr. Lumley for three years. Mr. Lumley has also purchased her engagement from September, 1857, to April, 1858, which bound her to the opera at Madrid, under the management of M. Urries.

The King of Sardinia honored Valderi, a place much frequented on account of its hot mineral springs, with his presence on the 10th ult., and laid the first stone of a new bathing establishment to be erected there. His Majesty was received with loud cheers.

M. Effloff, the pianist and composer, has received a decoration from the King of the Belgians.

M. Taubert has finished a new opera for Berlin, called "Macbeth."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

We give the details of the news by the latest arrivals. The failure for the present to lay the Atlantic submarine telegraph, though it has disappointed the hopes of the world, has not given rise to a thought of despair. The measureless success of the attempt has proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the cable can be laid. The next attempt may fail, but we are firm in our faith that lightning messages will pass from one side of the Atlantic to the other before 1858 shall be among the vanished years.

THE BREAKING OF THE CABLE.

The Atlantic telegraph cable is broken, and operations for the present are suspended. The British steamer *Cyclops* had returned to Valencia with Mr. Field on board. That gentleman immediately repaired to London to confer with the directors as to future movements. He telegraphed the following to Mr. Richard Stuart, agent of the Associated Press, at Liverpool:

"London, Saturday morning, August 15, 1857.

"Her Majesty's steamer *Leopard* arrived at Portsmouth on Friday evening, the 14th inst., and reports that the Atlantic cable was lost at a quarter before four o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 11th inst., after having put out successfully 335 nautical miles of the cable, and lost 100 miles of it in water over two miles in depth, and the greater part of this at the rate of rather more than five knots an hour.

"At the time the accident occurred there was a heavy swell on. The *Niagara* was going at the rate of four knots per hour, and as the engineer thought the cable was running out in too great a proportion to the speed of the ship, he considered it necessary to direct the brakes to be applied more firmly, when, unfortunately, the cable parted at some distance from the stern of the ship."

The *Agamemnon*, *Niagara*, and *Susquehanna* are to remain a short time where the cable parted, to try some experiments in the deep water of that part of the Atlantic (two thousand fathoms), which it is considered will be of great value to the Telegraphic Company, and then all go to Plymouth, England.

The *Cyclops* was sent back with despatches to Valencia, and was then to join the *Leopard* at Portsmouth.

Although the unfortunate accident will postpone the completion of this great undertaking for a short time, the result of the experiments has been to convince all those who took part in it of the entire practicability of the enterprise; for with some slight alterations in the paying-out machinery, there appears to be no great difficulty in laying down the cable; and it has been clearly proved that you can telegraph successfully through twenty-five hundred miles of cable, and know that its submersion at a great depth had no perceptible influence on the electric current. There is no obstacle to laying it down at the rate of five miles per hour in the greatest depth of water on the plateau between Ireland and Newfoundland.

THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

The Troops which had been despatched from Calcutta were already arriving at the camp before Delhi, and on the other side reinforcements were arriving from the Punjab. Excepting murdering their officers, firing bungalows, and massacring women and children, the mutineers had not been able to do anything. They had repeatedly attacked our camp outside Delhi, and had invariably been repulsed with loss. They had despatched a force against General Van Cortlandt, coming up from the north-west, with no other result than the loss of two hundred killed, besides prisoners, in an engagement near Sirsah. Thus far time seemed to be rather in our favor than otherwise. Sir H. Baird had collected an army of 7,000 British and 5,000 natives, in whom entire confidence was felt, under the walls of Delhi. On the other hand, the mutineers in that city were overwhelmed with the number of their wounded and with the ravages of cholera. No doubt reinforcements were arriving on both sides, but the insurgents having proved an utter want of the qualities necessary to a successful resistance, we cannot regret that as many as possible should crowd themselves into the place which they have selected as the scene of their own approaching execution. We cannot believe that event to be very distant, unless something unforeseen should occur, or the 7,000 men should be very ill handled.

GENERAL INDIAN NEWS.

Intelligence had been received of the mutiny of the troops at Mosnadabad, Tyrahad, Sopore, Sagar, Nongong, Puitghur, Inbow and Indore. Peshawar is disturbed, and three regiments have been despatched there.

Sir Colin Campbell arrived at Aden on the 28th of July.

The first batch of the China troops had arrived at Calcutta.

The rebels had been dispersed at Allahabad, and the post saved. The barracks at Cawnpore were closely besieged by the insurgents, but held out bravely. Reinforcements were marching to their relief.

The whole of Oude had risen, but Sir Henry Lawrence, with his small force, kept the enemy in check.

The Bengal *Hurkara* says: We have received letters to say that the Government had got a telegraphic message from Nangore that Delhi had fallen on the 27th of June, describing the battle, and saying that upwards of 7,000 rebels were killed.

Calcutta was more tranquil, and the native bankers were gaining confidence. The papers say that we have seen the worst of the trouble, for there are no more regiments to mutiny except those of Bombay and Madras, the fidelity of which there is no reason to suspect.

GRAND DEBATE.

The Commons were engaged in protracted debates on the Divorce bill; its opponents fighting against it step by step, and the Government equally determined in pressing it forward.

On the 14th of India were debated in the House of Lords, without any important developments being made.

In the House of Commons the subject of railways to India attracted attention; but the Government refused to mix itself up in these projects.

Mr. Gladstone censured Lord Palmerston for his political opposition to the Suez canal; but the latter reiterated his objections to the scheme.

Rumor says that it was decided, at the recent Imperial visit to Osborne, that in the event of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros not attaining the object of their mission to China, a more decided action, in common, should be adopted.

The East India Company have dispatched, or are on the eve of dispatching, to India, in all seventy-two vessels, carrying about 27,000 troops.

FRANCE.

An interview between the Emperors of France and Russia is again stated as certain to take place.

The Bank of France returns for the month show an increase of 1,700,000 francs, and in Paris a falling off in the branch banks of 17,900,000 francs. A bronze medal is to be given to the soldiers who served in the great wars of the Empire from 1792 to 1815.

The Louvre was inaugurated on the 14th. The Emperor was present, and in his speech congratulated the nation upon the possession of that political order which had permitted the realization of a project which had occupied the contemplation of every dynasty of France.

In Paris, on the 14th inst., the three per cents closed at 67f. 20c.

The Emperor's pardon on the occasion of the *fêtes* of the 15th of August, will be extended to over nine hundred persons condemned for various offences.

THE SPANISH-MEXICAN DIFFICULTY.

A Madrid despatch of the 11th inst. says that M. Lafragua, the Mexican Envoy, had made known to the Mexican Consul that the Spanish Government has suspended all negotiations with him, and that consequently he has placed the Mexican subjects in Spain under the protection of France.

RUSSIA.

It has been credibly related in Vienna that a further reduction in the Russian army will shortly take place.

POSTSCRIPT.

THERE are no later advices from India or China. There had been very heavy rains in England, which roused strong fears for the harvest, but three days brilliant weather had restored confidence that the crops would not be injured.—There is no alteration in the position of the Spanish-Mexican affairs.—It is reported that Ledru Rollin has either left or will shortly leave England for America. We shall have one more eminent foreigner to instruct in the art of government. We are fortunate people to possess so many patriots of foreign birth.—It is rumored that a Liverpool merchant, recently deceased by suicide, has left liabilities to the amount of \$1,500,000, one-third of which is upon foreign acceptances.—The directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company had a meeting on the day that the last steamer sailed. Their decision, consequently, was not known. Miss Juliana May, the American prima donna, was among the passengers by the Atlantic.—Consols had risen one-eighth; cotton one-sixteenth; and breadstuffs, excepting corn, which was dull, were tending upward.

NAVY.

THE Secretary of the Navy has authorized the exhibition of models for the new steam sloop-of-war. There are thirteen in all. Mr. Curtis, of Boston, has two; Mr. Cramp, of Philadelphia, one; Mr. Vaughn, of Lynn, one; Mr. Steers, of New York, one; Mr. Westervelt, one; Wm. H. Webb, two; Rosevelt & Joyce, one; Donald McKay, of Boston, one; Mr. Townsend, one; Page & Allen, of Portsmouth, one. The models differ very much in form, size and proportion, varying from fifteen hundred to two thousand tons, those from New York and Boston being the largest. Some of the models are very highly finished, especially those from Boston.

The United States sloop-of-war *Falmouth*, E. Farrar, commander, from Rio Janeiro July 11, arrived last night. The following is a list of her officers: Commander, E. W. Farrar; Lieutenants, George W. Rodgers, W. W. Pollock, J. R. Franklin, W. R. McGunnigle; Master, F. M. Ramsay; Surgeon, J. J. Abernethy. The *Falmouth*, is making preparations to go into dry dock. It is thought that she will be condemned. She has lost nearly all the copper from her bottom, and is otherwise disabled.

The United States sloop-of-war *Portsmouth*, Commander Andrew H. Foote, arrived at Bangkok, May 27, in six days from Singapore.

The United States steamer *San Jacinto*, Commodore Armstrong, was at Shanghai previous to June 24.

The United States sloop-of-war *Levant*, Commander Smith, was at Woosung June 24.

The United States sloop-of-war *Plymouth*, Commander Dahlgren, from Norfolk, arrived at Fayal July 23.

The United States frigate *Savannah*, now in the Brooklyn Navy Yard dry dock, is being raised to a first-class sloop-of-war. The work is progressing rapidly on her, and in a few weeks she will be removed, to make room for the United States sloop-of-war *Falmouth*.

The United States surveying steamer *Water Witch*, Capt. Lovell commanding, dropped down to the Narrows Thursday evening. Her destination is Norfolk, Va.

The extent of the injuries to the United States steam-frigate *Roanoke*, now undergoing repairs at the Navy Yard, Charlestown, Mass., is thought to be of a more serious nature than at first apprehended. It will be recollected that she sustained very serious injuries while being launched from the stocks at the Norfolk, Va., Navy Yard; the damages that were done her at the time, the constructors have never been wholly able to repair. It has been suggested by a board of survey that all her machinery be taken out, and a rigid examination instituted throughout every part of her; this will cause a delay of at least three months, before she will again be ready for sea. All her crew have got leave for ten days, and are to report at the expiration of that time on board the United States receiving ship *Ohio*, for duty.

The sloop-of-war *Falmouth* has been ordered to Norfolk, Va., where a board of survey has already been organized to inquire into her condition and fitness for service.

OBITUARY.

MORTIMER LIVINGSTON.—This universally respected and honorable citizen died suddenly at his residence, at Staten Island, on Monday, August 24th. He had suffered for a few days from a pleurisy which was nearly cured, when an affection of the heart supervened and terminated his life at the early age of forty-seven. He was the great grandson of Francis Lewis, who was a native of Wales, and the signer of the Declaration of American Independence in 1776.

His mother was the only daughter of the late General Morgan Lewis, the son of Francis Lewis before named, and who bore a conspicuous part in both the American Revolution and in the late war with Great Britain. His father was Martin Livingston, who belonged to the family of that name, so many of whom became distinguished in the historical annals of New York, including Philip, who signed the Declaration of Independence. The progenitor of the family originally went from Scotland to Holland, and from thence a son, Robert Livingston, emigrated to New York, and obtained a large grant of land known as the Livingston Manor. General Morgan Lewis married a sister of Chancellor Livingston, and General Montgomery, who fell at Quebec, married another. Mr. Livingston was an honorable and a successful merchant, and died as he had lived in the good opinion of all men. The merchants had a meeting at the Exchange on the 26th, to express their sorrow at the untimely death of Mortimer Livingston. A series of resolutions were adopted expressing their high respect and affection for the deceased and condoling with his family. The merchants attended his funeral, from St. Thomas's church, corner of Houston street and Broadway. The flags of the shipping in port were also displayed at half mast from sunrise to sunset in honor of the lamented deceased.

The late GEORGE FREDERICK MINTZ, M. P., was sixty-three years of age, and a successful merchant. He was one of the leaders of the Birmingham Political Union at the time of the Old Reform Bill, and in 1837 he became the subject of persecution. In 1840 he was sent up to Parliament by the town of his adoption, and he has been returned ever since. He made a large fortune by the invention of a metal adapted to the sheathing of ships.

M. MICHAEL BILBAUD, a Canadian author of note, died at Montreal, after a long illness, at the age of seventy-five. While contributing to the *Aurore des Canadas*, the *Bibliothèque Canadienne*, the *Magasin des Bas Canadas*, the *Observateur Canadien*, and the *Encyclopédie Canadienne*, M. Bilbaud was, in his intervals of leisure, writing verses, which have been greatly esteemed by his countrymen, and engaging in more profound didactic and scientific studies. He wrote the first history of Canada, in French, since the conquest; an *Arithmétique Élémentaire*, and edited the *Page de Franchise*, besides producing a variety of other valuable little works. But a few months ago he was engaged, at the age of seventy-five, in translating the reports of the Geological Commission.

Hon. S. H. ROSS, of Madison, Wis., died on the 17th. He was County Judge of Dane county.

WEEKLY REPORT OF DEATHS, in the city and county of New York, from the 22d day of August to the 29th day of August, 1857: Men, 69; women, 52; boys, 264; girls, 108—Total, 613.

Adults, 185; children, 462; males, 333; females, 289; colored persons, 8.

The number of deaths, compared with corresponding weeks of 1856 and 1855, and of last week, was as follows:

Week ending September 1, 1855.	1856.	1857.
August 30, 1855.	648	562
August 22, 1857.	700	700
August 29, 1857.	613	613

Decrease this week..... 57

FINANCIAL.

THERE has been quite a panic in Wall street for the past few days. It commenced by the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, which smashed all to pieces. This was followed by the failure or suspension of John Thompson, Jacob Little, Delany, Ivelin & Clark, E. A. Benedict, E. F. Post, and a host of smaller brokers. Evil reports, too, were spread of a dozen or two banks, which threw the small traders and country people into a paroxysm of anguish. Things, however, were not so bad as rumor gave out. The reported failure of the banks was evidently a dodge on the part of the brokers to make up the money they had lost by bad speculations. If a good many more of these gentlemen were to be misled from Wall street, it would be better for the interests of the city.

The following is a comparative statement of the exports (exclusive of specie) from New York to foreign ports for the week and since January 1:

	1855.	1856.	1857.
Total for the week.....	\$1,274,900	\$1,481,837	\$1,364,215
Previously reported.....	89,166,848	50,767,013	46,073,789

Since January 1.....\$40,441,806 \$52,242,850 \$47,435,004

The annexed statement exhibits the value of foreign imports into this port during the week, and since January 1, in each of the past three years:

COMMERCE OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK—VALUE OF IMPORTS.

	1855.	1856.	1857.
Dry goods.....	\$2,115,041	\$4,227,506	\$2,519,736
General merchandise.....	1,540,274	1,526,392	2,426,126

Total for the week.....\$3,675,315 5,753,898 4,945,862

Previously reported.....91,899,758 142,272,671 161,387,747

Since January 1.....\$95,575,073 148,026,469 166,333,609

The annexed statement exhibits the exportation of specie from this port during the past week:

SHIPMENTS OF SPECIE FROM THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

	1855.	1856.	1857.
Bark Honduras, Belize, sovereigns.....	\$5,870 00		
Steamship Empire City, Havana, American gold.....	48,565 00		
Do. do. do. Spanish do.....	175,145 50		
Do. do. do. American silver.....	11,419 00		
Do. do. do. Spanish silver.....	5,000 00		

Brig T. B. Watson, Lagayra, specie.....2,000 00

Steamship Arago, Bremen, German silver coin.....2,000 00

Do. Persia, Liverpool, gold bars.....794,259 20

Do. do. do. gold coin.....701,000 00

Do. do. do. mint bars, gold coin and English silver.....235,688 50

Do. do. do. French gold.....11,580 00

Do. City of Baltimore, Liverpool, American gold.....60,000 00

Do. Fulton, Havre, gold coin.....440,000 00

Do. do. do. gold bars.....13,500 00

Do. do. do. gold and silver.....144,000 00

Bark N. H. Gaston, Barbadoes, American gold.....30,000 00

Total for the week.....\$2,780,007 26

Previously reported.....29,467,779 16

Total, 1857.....\$32,147,786 42

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The operatic season of 1857-8 will commence on Monday next, the 7th of September. We understand that Verdi's popular opera of "Ernani" will be selected for the opening night, in which both Frezzolini and D'Angri will appear—D'Angri assuming her celebrated rôle of Carlo Quinto. These, with the other artists, will form an irresistible attraction, and will inaugurate the new management with great éclat. The chorus will be very large, and the orchestra will consist of the finest in the city. The new director is spoken of very highly. He is said to have great experience, and to be in every way thoroughly competent to fill the position with honor and credit.

We may reasonably expect the production of "Don Giovanni" during the season. What a glorious female cast could be presented with Frezzolini, La Grange and D'Angri! We are not over sanguine, but we sincerely believe that no operatic campaign in this country ever commenced under such brilliant auspices as the one which commences next week. The taste and judgment of Thalberg and Strakosch cannot be impeached, and, as a manager, Mr. Ullman understands the pulse of the public better than any other one in his department. Such elements must command success.

Signmund Thalberg announces that he will give three concerts early in the present month. The public are eager to hear him, and we have no doubt but that he will attract overflowing audiences of the élite of our city as he did in his past brilliant season. Thalberg's attraction has not abated one jot; it was based upon transcendent talent, upon a marvel of perfect manipulation, and upon a style which, in its purity, elegance and force, has never been equalled. Thalberg has won the homage of the intellect, and wonder has been swallowed up in earnest and appreciative admiration. We welcome him back to our city most cordially, and hope that we shall hear him very often during the season.

DRAMA.

THE note of preparation has issued from the Broadway Theatre. The management has advertised for extra aid in the *corps de ballet*, so we presume that the Broadway will again, and speedily, be opened to the public. The splendid *Ballet Troupe* engaged by Max Maretzek in Europe for Mr. Marshall, will in all probability make its first appearance in America at this establishment. The troupe is not highly spoken of; it is said to be the most perfect as well as the largest that has yet visited this country.

LAURA KEENE's company has been called together, and the establishment will open in a few days. It is intended to make the stock company as perfect as possible, and to produce those charming and peculiar pieces that have hitherto made Laura Keene's Theatre so popular and attractive. We are glad to be able to say that rest and the pure air have entirely restored Miss Laura Keene to her usual health. So we expect to see her display her usual vivacity, earnestness and abandon. Mr. Jordan is said to be no longer a member of the company, but his place will be filled to the satisfaction of all.

We mentioned last week that Mr. Stuart had again become lessee of WALLACK'S THEATRE. Mr. Wallack, we regret to say, still continues very ill, and he has been compelled to yield to circumstances and decline the management of his theatre for the coming season. Mr. Stuart paid a heavy bonus for the lease of the house—encouraged to do so by the remarkable success of the establishment last season under his management. Mr. Stuart exhibited great tact in his position as manager of Wallack's Theatre, and we have no doubt but that he will meet with brilliant success in the coming season.

GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS have returned from their visit to Philadelphia, and will be found as usual at their opera house in Broadway.

LITERATURE.

THE PRISONER OF THE BORDERS. A TALE OF 1838. By P. HAMILTON MYERS. New York: Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau street.

The scene of this tale is laid chiefly upon the borders of the United States and Canada, at the time of that troubled period of the projected Canadian Revolution. The chief incident of the plot is the capture of the hero, a young American Sympathiser, by the British, and the subsequent unwearied exertions and devoted sacrifices of a young and beautiful girl to effect his release.

The plot is very skillfully managed; its course is flowing, consistent, and uninterrupted; its incidents are striking; they are conceived with much dramatic power, and are described with a force and vividness, and a happy flow of language, which impart almost the vitality of action. Still there is not a point strained, probability is never outraged, and sense is never sacrificed for effect. The characters are finely conceived, and contrasted in a masterly manner. They are not types of new classes of character; we may remember to have met them elsewhere, but their grouping presents new and salient points of observation; they act in new scenes and stirring situations, and their combinations are the natural results of new relations to each other, so that fresh motives, and varied phases, and idiosyncrasies are evolved from old and recognized types, and become, by the alchemy of the author's mind, new creations. The character of Gertrude Van Kleeck is one that every one will reënt upon with pleasure. It is that of a true woman, one to whom the retirement of home, and the duties and affections which are its charm and adornment, are the sole objects of enjoyment and ambition. But roused by emergent circumstances from the quiet and hopeful dreams of the future, she passes from girlhood to womanhood, with all its responsibilities of thought and action, in a moment, and stands forth a heroine in her grand sacrifices to love and duty. The character of the child, Ruth, is also a charming creation, and that of Harry Vrail, the hero, is ably conceived and carried out. There is a vast amount of humor in the two characters, Brom, the negro, and Jones, the "word-of-mouth" patriot. Their doings form a pleasant relief from the earnest and exciting action of the chief drama.

The book is elegantly and charmingly written, and contains no one thought or sentiment that we could wish altered. There is no "bunkum" patriotism in the book, although the subject afforded ample scope and verge for any amount of it. In politics it is temperate, and only touches upon that subject when compelled by the incidents of the narrative. Earnest in all he says, the author carries with him all the sympathies of his readers. The "Prisoner of the Border" is the best American novel that we have read for several years.

It will rank with the best of that class of literature, and we commend it with the utmost cordiality to our readers, trusting that those who follow our advice will receive as much enjoyment from perusing it as we did. Derby & Jackson have brought it out well, and it should meet with a large and constant sale, for it is not a book that will die out with its first excitement. It will last, and will have a finer relish as it grows older.

CAPTAIN MOLLY. THE STORY OF A BRAVE WOMAN. By THIRAGE TALMAN. New York: Derby & Jackson, No. 119 Nassau street.

The brave deed which made Molly a Captain, at the hands of Washington, is said to be a historical fact. One of the chief incidents in the book results from this famous deed of Molly's, for she gets a new husband by it, and he the first love of her heart. The book possesses interest, but the style is rambling and unconnected; the characters are sketchy and unsatisfactory. The publishers have produced it in good style.

MRS. ANN S. STEVENS' WORKS.—We learn on authority, that from this date W. P. Fretledge & Co. will publish all the works of this distinguished authoress. New and splendid editions of "Fashion and Famine," the "Old Homestead," the "Heiress of Greenhurst," &c., will be issued from their establishment at the earliest possible moment.

The total number of vessels lost on the Bahama Banks during the last year was fifty-three. Cargoes and vessels valued at three millions of dollars.

THE OCEANIC TELEGRAPH SQUADRON.

"THE TELEGRAPHIC PLATEAU."

The bed of the North Atlantic Ocean is found, by actual soundings, to present the same or greater inequalities than are exhibited on the surface of the visible earth. To the west the Gulf Stream pours along in a bed from one mile to a mile and a half in depth. To the east of this, and south of the Great Banks, is a basin eight or ten degrees square, where the bottom attains a greater depression than perhaps the highest elevations of the Andes or Himalayas—six miles of line have failed to reach the bottom. Taking a profile of the Atlantic basin in our own latitude, we find a far greater depression than any mountain elevation on our own continent. Four or five Alleghanies would have to be piled on each other, and on them added Fremont's Peak, before their point would show itself above the surface. Between the Azores and the mouth of the Tagus this decreases to about three miles. Further north there is an apparent decrease of depth, with increasing regularity of bottom. This rise is denominated the Telegraphic Plateau, and appears to have been formed by Providence as the bed of the trans-Atlantic telegraph; but for this singular ridge all attempts to unite the continents of Europe and America by an electric wire would probably prove abortive, for we have no idea that a cable could be laid where the line goes down six miles without touching bottom.

The Telegraphic Plateau, among other advantages, has convenient harbors at either terminus, and a depth of water at every point sufficient to place the wire beyond the reach of any surface causes, such as ice, or the anchor of any ship, yet not at an impracticable depth, being at the shoalest several hundred feet, and in mid-Atlantic not materially over two miles. During a thousand miles of its course, the gradual depression of the ocean bed does not exceed five hundred fathoms. On either side lie Ireland and Newfoundland, the breastworks of the two continents approaching within seventeen hundred miles, and forming the natural terminus of its route. Trinity Bay is its western head, and Valentia Bay, on the south-western point of Ireland, its eastern. This, then, is the bed on which the telegraphic cable is to lie, an unbroken prairie land extending from continent to continent.

THE TELEGRAPHIC SQUADRON.

Bright among the incidents which posterity will cherish, as peculiar to the triumphs of the nineteenth century, will be the names of the telegraphic squadron. It is the first fleet of war vessels that ever appeared upon the ocean engaged in a peaceful and humanizing pursuit, and its magnificence in material is in accordance with the great mission in which it is engaged. The squadron is composed of the finest vessels of England and America, and of the world—the Niagara and the Agamemnon, and their consorts, are more glorious than those of the Armada, of Trafalgar or Erie. The United States steam frigate Niagara, of whose history we are all familiar, Captain Hudson, is the largest war vessel afloat, and is the pride of the American navy.

The British line-of-battle ship Agamemnon, Captain Noddal, is looked upon as the pet of the British fleet; when fully armed she carries ninety-one guns. She was launched at Woolwich in the year 1852. Sir Edward (now Lord) Lyons had her for his flag-ship at the assault of the 17th of October on Sebastopol. She made the nearest approach to the batteries, had four of her ports knocked into one, some of her spars splintered, and received other damage.

The United States steam frigate Susquehanna, Captain Sands, is the largest side-wheel war steamer in the world, and is one of the best vessels in the American navy. She looks more like a man of war than her consort the Niagara. It is now about seven years since she was built; she cost but little more than half as much as the Niagara. The armament of the Susquehanna is complete, so that she is in perfect war trim. She carries fifteen guns, three of which are pivots ten feet long, weighing exactly 10,400 pounds each; they fire shelled shot of sixty-four pounds each. Her force consists of three hundred and twenty-one men.

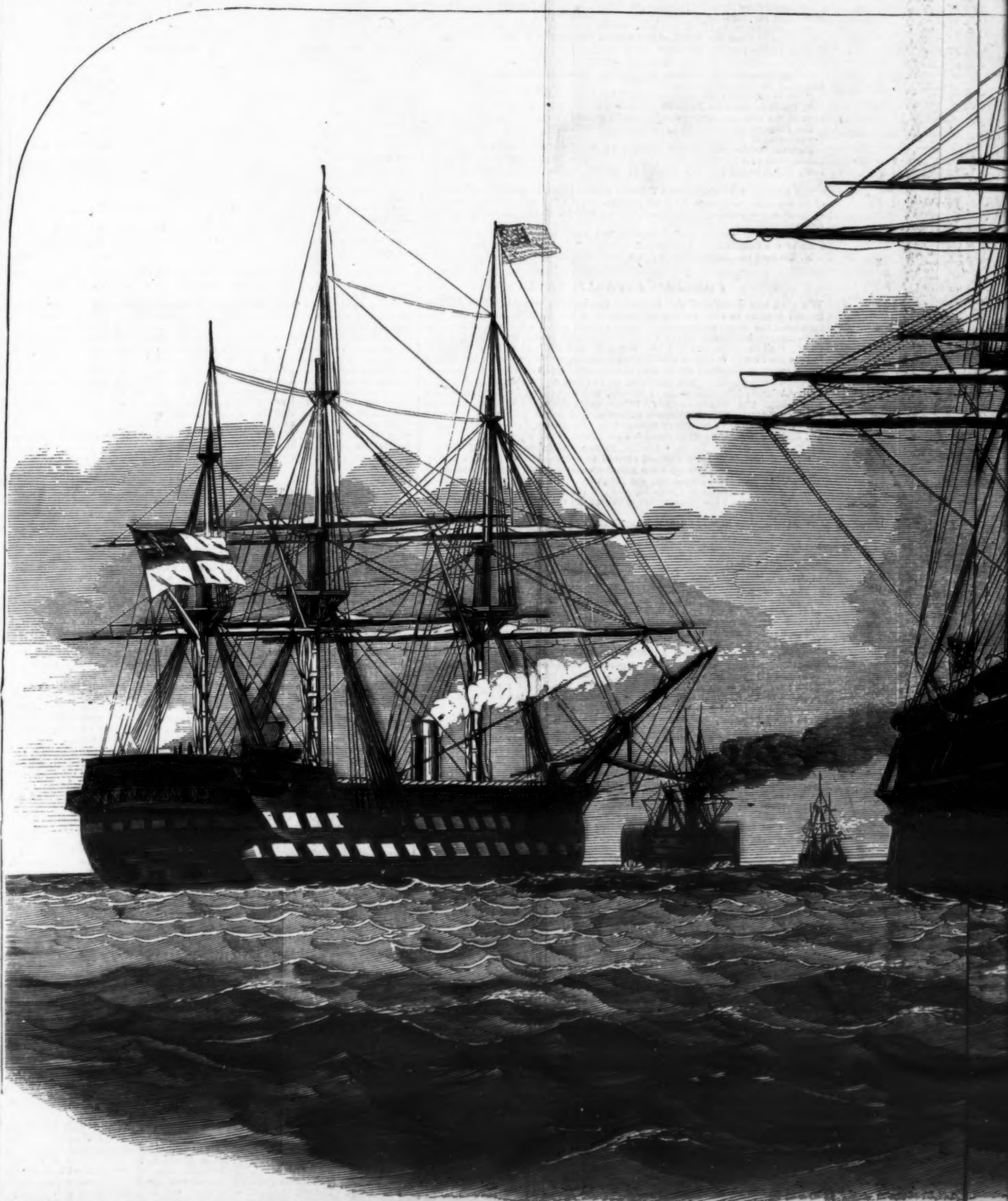
The British steam frigate Leopard, Captain Wainright, was detached from the royal navy to act as consort to the Agamemnon, and to tow, if any accident happened to the Agamemnon's machinery. She is a side-wheel steamer, carrying eighteen guns, four of which are ten inch, thirty-two pounders. All her guns fire shell as well as ball, and have a range of three thousand yards. Although the Leopard is but seven years' old, she looks as if she had seen twenty years' service, and although no older than the Susquehanna, from her antiquated mode, shows but at a poor advantage by the side of her more trim-built rival. She is said, however, to be one of the most efficient ships in the British navy, and was selected for this reason to be one of the telegraphic squadron. The British steam frigate Cyclops, Captain Dayman, was "detached" a few months ago to survey the proposed route, and having successfully accomplished her object, only returned from her expedition about four weeks since, to set sail again as a member of the telegraphic fleet. She is one of the oldest steamers in the British navy, and bears strong evidence of hard usage and rough service. She carries six guns on her spar deck.

A VIEW OF THE TELEGRAPHIC PLATEAU BETWEEN ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND, NORTH AMERICA, AND VALENTIA BAY, IRELAND, ON WHICH THE ATLANTIC CABLE IS TO BE Laid.

THE FLEET LEAVES VALENTIA BAY.

On Thursday, the 6th of August, the telegraphic squadron appeared in the offing at Valentia. The bay was studded with

small boats, decked with the gayest bunting—the occupants cheering from time hence it was to time as the preliminary labors of taking the cable ashore progressed. The island continent of Valentia is, its inhabitants say, the nearest parish to the coast of America, and is separated from it by a narrow strait.



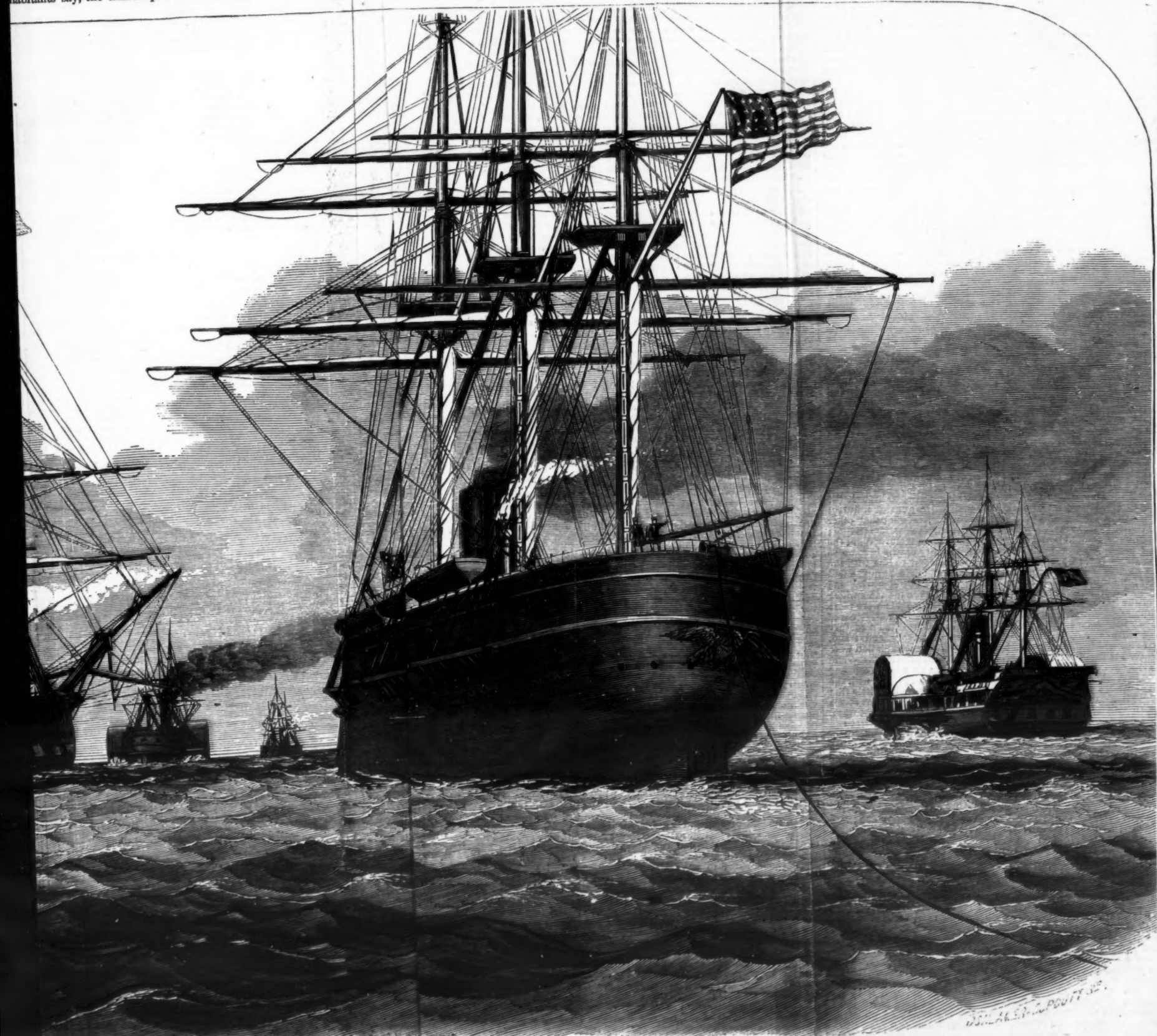
BRITISH LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP AGAMEMNON.

U. S. STEAM FRIGATE SUSQUEHANNA.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXPEDITION AS IT APPEARED ON TUESDAY AFTERNOON, THE 11TH AUGUST, AT THE MOMENT OF SETTING OFF.

UNDLAND, NORTH AMERICA, AND VALENTIA BAY, IRELAND, ON WHICH THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE IS TO REST, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE VESSELS AT THE TIME OF THE BREAKING OF THE CABLE.

hence it became the starting point for the proposed connection between the two continents. Valentia lies off the west coast of Ireland, Munster, county of Kerry, and is separated from the main land by a strait, one and a half miles wide, which forms the most westerly harbor of the British islands. The village is situated at the south-east extremity, and is beautifully enclosed among brown mountain slopes.



THE U.S. STEAM FRIGATE CYLOPS. U. S. STEAM FRIGATE SURQUHANNA. U. S. STEAM FRIGATE NIAGARA. BRITISH STEAM FRIGATE LEOPARD. DRAWN ON TUESDAY AFTERNOON, THE 11TH AUGUST, AT THE MOMENT OF TIEING OF THE CABLE. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.

As soon as the Niagara and Agamemnon arrived in the harbor, preparations were at once made to land the cable. The process of uncoiling into the small boats commenced about half past two, and the scene at this point was exciting in the highest degree. From the main land the operations were watched with intense interest. For several hours the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland stood on the beach, surrounded by his staff and the directors of the railway and telegraph companies, waiting the arrival of the cable, and when at length the American sailors jumped through the surge with the hawser to which it was attached, his Excellency was among the first to lay hold of it and pull it lustily to the shore. Indeed every one present seemed desirous of having a hand in the great work; and never before perhaps were there so many willing assistants at "the long pull, the strong pull and the pull all together."

At half past seven o'clock the cable was landed on shore, and formal presentation was made of it to the Lord Lieutenant by Captain Pinnock, of the *Susquehanna*; his Excellency in a few well-timed remarks expressed a hope that the work so well begun would be carried to a satisfactory completion. Short addresses were also made by the Chairman of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and Mr. Cyrus W. Field, when the ceremonies ended.

EVERYTHING GOES FAVORABLY.

On Friday, the 7th of August, the fleet set sail amid the salvos of artillery, and the cheers and well wishes of all who had the pleasure of witnessing the departure of one of the most important naval expeditions that ever embarked upon the sea. On the 23d of August the Anglo Saxon brought satisfactory news from the squadron. Despatches to four o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th of August were received from the *Niagara* at Valentia, announcing that the ship was then *three hundred miles on her way, and was then paying out the cable at the rate of five miles the hour*. It was further announced that all was working well, and that the future looked highly encouraging.

Expectation was now on tiptoe, the world literally looked on with intense interest, speculation was exhausted in predicting the effect of the telegraph on commerce, civilization, and society. It was supposed it would put an end to commercial fluctuations connected with crops of cotton and corn, while it would excite others, by connecting American enterprise more fortunately with commercial movements in Europe; it was to diminish our interest in Transatlantic steamers, for "what steamer was due?" would be of no interest except to persons who had friends or baggage on board, at the same time making the names of steamers, their speed and reputation, things of no consequence, thus coming to be bearers of news, only carriers of property and human lives.

SOMETHING WRONG AT VALENTIA.

Up to four o'clock (Irish time) of Tuesday, August 11th, constant signals and messages were received at Valentia from the *Niagara*, when the electric signals suddenly ceased. On testing for insulation, there was found to be a total loss of fluid, and the electrician calculated, from indications of the resistance coils, that the want of insulation occurred three hundred and fifty or four hundred miles from Valentia.

THE CAUSE EXPLAINED.

On the 26th of August, the *America* reached Halifax, and announced "that the cable parted from the *Niagara* on Tuesday, the 11th of August, in consequence of a sudden check while paying out."

NOW THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED.

The cable was broken at half-past three o'clock on Tuesday, the 11th ult., after having been paid out successfully three hundred and thirty-five miles, the last hundred in water two miles deep, and the greater part at the rate of rather less than five miles an hour. At the time the accident occurred there was a heavy swell on, and the *Niagara* was going less than four miles an hour, when the engineer discovered that the cable was running out too rapid to correspond with the speed of the ship, and losing his presence of mind, or having naturally no common sense, he applied the brake. The stern of the *Niagara* at the moment was down in the trough of the sea—when she rose the cable parted some distance from the stern of the ship!

WHY UNPARDONABLE ON THE PART OF THE ENGINEER.

The preliminary experiments which were made to test the possibility of laying the cable were of the widest possible latitude, and conducted by *sevens* of the most distinguished character. The result was the development of no danger that was not on the departure of the fleet amply guarded against, especially that arising from the application of the brake. So obvious was the danger resulting from the brake, that it was resolved not to apply it during the voyage, except in a case of great emergency. Yet, strange to say, on the first apparent difficulty, the cable paying out faster than the speed of the ship, which was caused by the *Niagara* coming into a heavy sea swell, some over-anxious engineer put on the brake, when at once the same thing occurred which had *twice previously happened* during the experiments in the Channel—the cable snapped—leaving three hundred and thirty-five miles of it at the bottom of the ocean; a hundred miles of which is in two thousand fathoms of water.

Scientific experiments by Lieut. Burke, of the United States Navy, had clearly explained, long before the *Niagara* started on her journey, that under certain contingencies the cable would run out faster than the speed of the ship, or, rather, more miles of the cable would run out in a given time than the *Niagara*

progressed from a given point, suggesting that the cable sunk to the bottom of two miles depth in a wide circle, the ship going across the diameter, the cable round it, and that the only remedy was for the Niagara to accelerate her speed, and get out of the way of the cable. Instead of this, everything was brought "up short," the cable, the island of Valentia, or the timbers of the Niagara had to give way; of course the cable broke, and the civilized world is disappointed, and the future of the experiment is involved in doubt.

DAVENPORT DUNN: A MAN OF OUR DAY.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "JACK HINTON," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER VIII.—MR. DUNN.

MR. DAVENPORT DUNN sat at breakfast in his spacious chamber overlooking the Lake of Como. In addition to the material appliances of that meal, the table was covered with newly-arrived letters, and newspapers, maps, surveys, railroad sections and Parliamentary blue-books were littered about, along with chalk drawings, oil miniatures, some carvings in box and ivory, and a few bronzes of rare beauty and design. Occasionally skimming over the newspapers—now sipping his tea—or now examining some object of art through a magnifying-glass—he dallied over his meal like one who felt the time thus passed was a respite from the task of the day. At last he walked out, and, leaning over the balcony, gazed at the glorious landscape at his feet. It was early morning, and the great masses of misty clouds were slowly beginning to move up the Alps, disclosing as they went spots of bright green verdure, dark-sided ravines and cataracts, amid patches of pine forest, or dreary tracts of snow still lying deep in the mountain clefts. Beautiful as was the picture of the lake itself, and the wooded promontories along it, his eyes never turned from the rugged grandeur of the Alpine range, which he continued to gaze at for a long time. So absorbed was he in his contemplation, that he never noticed the approach of another, and Baron Glumthal was already leaning over the balustrade beside him ere he had perceived him.

"Well, it is more assuring now that you have looked at it," asked the German in English, of which there was the very slightest trace of a foreign accent.

"I see nothing to deter one from the project," said Dunn, slowly. "These questions resolve themselves purely into two conditions—time and money. The Grand Army has only a corporal's guard, multiplied by hundreds of thousands."

"But the difficulties!" broke in Dunn; "thank Heaven for them, baron, or you and I would be no better off in this world than the herd about us. Strong heads and stout hearts are the breaching artillery of mankind—you can find rank and file any day."

"When I said difficulties, I might have used a stronger word." "And yet," said Dunn, smiling, "I'd rather contract to turn the Alps yonder, than to drive a new idea into the heads of the people. See here, now," said he, entering the room, and returning with a large plan in his hand, "this is Chiavenna. Well, the levels show that a line drawn from this spot comes out below Anderer, at a place called Mühlen—the distance something less than twenty-two miles. By Brumall's contract, you will perceive that if he don't meet with water—"

"But in that lies the whole question," broke in the other. "I know it, and I am not going to blink it. I mean to take the alternatives in turn."

"Shall I spare you a deal of trouble, Dunn?" said the German, laying his hand on his arm. "Our house has decided against the enterprise. I have no need to explain the reasons."

"And can you be swayed by such counsels?" said Dunn, eagerly. "Is it possible that you will suffer yourselves to be made the dupes of a Russian intrigue?"

"Say rather the agents of a great policy, said Glumthal, "and you will be nearer the mark. My dear friend," added he, in a lower and more confidential tone, "have I to tell you that your whole late policy in England is a mistake—your Crimean war a mistake—your French alliance a mistake—and your present attempt at a reconciliation with Austria the greatest mistake of all?"

"You would find it a hard task to make the nation believe this," said Dunn, smiling.

"So I might; but not to convince your statesmen of it. They see it already. They perceive even now some of the perils of the course they have adopted."

"The old story. I've heard it at least a hundred times," broke in Dunn. "We may have been overturning the breakwaters that the ocean may swamp us. But I tell you, baron, that the more democratic we grow in England, the safer we become. We don't want these alliances we fancied ourselves once in need of. That family compact redounded but little to our advantage."

"So it might. But there is another compact now forming, which bodes even less favorably to you. The Church, by her Concordat, is replacing the old Holy Alliance. You'll need the aid of the only power that cannot be drawn into this league—I mean the only great power—Russia."

"If you wait till we are so minded, baron," said Dunn, laughing, "you have plenty of time to help me with my tunnel here." And he pointed to his plans.

"And where will the world be—I mean your world and mine—before the pick of the workman reaches so far?"—and he placed his finger on the Splügen Alps—"answer me that. What will be the Government of France—I don't ask who? Where will Naples be? What king will be convoking the Hungarian Diet? Who will be the Russian viceroy on the Danube?"

"Far more to the purpose were it if I could tell you how would the Three per Cents. stand," broke in Dunn.

"I'm coming to that," said the other, drily. "No, no," said he, after a pause; "let us see this unhappy war finished—let us wait till we know who are to be partners in the great game of European politics. Lanfranchi tells me that the French and Russians who meet here come together on the best of terms; that intimacies, and even friendships, spring up rapidly between them. The fact, if repeated in Downing street, might be heard with some misgiving."

Though Dunn affected indifference to this remark, he winced, and walked to the window to hide his irritation.

Immediately beneath where he stood, a trellised vine-walk led down to the lake, where the boats were usually in waiting; and from this alley now a number of voices could be heard, although the speakers were entirely hidden by the foliage. The gay and laughing tones indicated a pleasure-party; and such it was, bent on a picnic to Bellaggio. Some were loud in praises of the morning, and the splendid promise of the day; others discussed how many boats they should want, and how the party was to be divided.

"The Americans with the Russians," said Twining, slapping his legs and laughing; "great friends—capital allies—what fun! Ourselves and the O'Reillys—Spicer, look out, and see if they are coming."

"And do you mean to say you'll not come?" whispered a very soft voice, after the crowd had passed on.

"Charmante Molly!" said Lord Lackington, in his most dulcet of accents, "I am quite heart-broken at the disappointment; but when I tell you that this man has come some hundreds of miles to meet me here—that the matter is one of deepest importance—"

"And who is he? Could you make him come too?" "Impossible, ma belle. He is quite unsuited to this kind of thing—a mere creature of parchments. The very sight of him would only suggest thoughts of foreclosing mortgages and renewal fines."

"How I hate him!"

"D., dearest—hate him to your heart's content—and for nothing more than the happiness of which he robs me."

"Well, I'm sure, I did think—"

"And what, pray, was it that you did think?" said his lordship, most winningly.

"I thought two things, then, if you must know," said she, archly.

"First, that a great personage like your lordship would make a very small one like this Mr. Dunn understand it was his duty to await your convenience; and my second thought was—but perhaps you don't care to hear it?"

"Of all things. Pray go on."

"Well, then, my second was, that if I asked you to come, you'd not refuse me."

"What an inexorable charmer it is!" cried he, in stage fashion. "Do you fancy you could ever forgive yourself, if, yielding to this temptation, I were really to miss this man?"

"You told me yourself, only yesterday," said she, "*ce que femme veut*—Besides, you'll have him all day to-morrow, and the next, and—"

"Well, so be it. See how I hug my chains," said he, drawing her arm within his, and moving on towards the boat.

"Were you to be of that party, baron?" asked Dunn, pointing to the crowd beside the lake.

"So I was. The princess engaged me last night; they are going to the Pliniana and Bellaggio. Why not join us?"

"Oh, I have a score of letters to write, and double as many to read. In fact, I have kept all my work for a quiet day in this nice tranquil spot. I wish I could take a week here."

"And why not do it? Haven't you yet learned that it is the world's duty to wait on us? For my own part, I have always found that one emerges from these secluded places with renewed energy and awakened vigor. I heard Staden once say that when anything puzzled him, he went to pass a day at Maria Zell, and he never came away without hitting on the solution. They are beckoning to me, so good-by!"

"Anything puzzled him!" muttered Dunn, repeating the words of the other's story. "If he but knew that what puzzles me at this moment is myself!"

The very nature of the correspondence that then littered his table might well warrant what he felt. Who, and what was he, to whom great ministers wrote confidentially, and secretaries of state began, "My dear Dunn?" How had he risen to this eminence? What were the gifts by which he held, and was to maintain it? Most men who have attained to high station from small beginnings, have so conformed to the exigencies of each new change in life as to carry but little of what they started with to their position of eminence; gradually assimilating to the circumstances around them as they went, they flung the past behind them, only occupied with those qualities which should fit them for the future. No so Davenport Dunn; he was ever present to his own eyes as the son of the very humblest parentage—the poor boy educated by charity, struggling drearily through years of poverty—the youth discouraged and slighted—the man repulsed and rejected. Certain incidents of his life never left him; there they were, as if photographed on his heart; and at will he could behold himself, as he was turned away ignominiously from Kellett's house; or a morning scarce less sad, as he learned his rejection for the sizership; or the day still more bitter that Lord Glangariff put him out of doors, with words of insult and shame. Like avenging spirits, these memories travelled with him wherever he journeyed. They sat beside him as he dined at great men's tables; they loitered with him in his lonely walks, and whispered into his ear in the dark hours of the night. No high-hearted hope, no elevating self-reliance, had sustained him through these youthful reverses; each new failure, on the contrary, seemed to have impressed him more and more strongly with the conviction that the gifts which win success in life had not been vouchsafed him; that his abilities were of that humble order which never elevate their possessor above mediocrity; that, if he meant to strive for the great prizes of life, it must be less by addressing himself to great intellectual efforts than by a patient study of men themselves—their frailties, their weaknesses, and their follies. Whatever he had seen of the world had shown him how invariably the greatest minds were alloyed with some deteriorating influence, and that passions of one kind or other, ambitions more or less worthy, even the subtlety of flattery, swayed those whose intellects soared loftily above their fellows. "I cannot share in the tilt with these," said he. "Mine are no gifts of eloquence or imaginative power; I am not versed in the mysteries of science, nor deep-read in the intricacies of the law. Let me, however, see if I cannot, by dexterity, accomplish what is denied to my strength. Every man, whatever his station, covets wealth. The noblest and the meanest, the man dignified by exalted aspirations, the true creature of selfish enjoyments, are all alike enlisted in the pursuit. Let me consider how this common tendency may be best turned to account. To enrich others it is not necessary that I should be wealthy myself. The geographer may safely dictate the route by which the explorer is to journey through a desert he has never travelled himself. The great problems of finance can be worked by suggestions in a garret, though their application may demand millions." Starting thus from an humble attorney in a country town, he gradually grew to be known as a most capable adviser in all monetary matters; rich men consulted him about profitable investments and safe employment of their capital; embarrassed men confided to him their difficulties, and sought his aid to meet them; speculators asked his advice as to this or that venture, and even those who gambled on the eventful fortunes of a ministry were fain to be guided by his wise predictions. "Dunn has got me the money on reasonable terms,"—"Dunn has managed to let me have five per cent."—"Dunn assures me I may risk this."—"Dunn tells me they'll carry the bill next session"—such and such things were the phrases one heard at every turn, till his opinion became a power in the land, and he grew to feel it so.

This first step led to another and a higher one. Through the moneyed circumstances of men he came to learn moral natures; against what temptations this one was proof; to what that other would yield; what were the goals for which each were striving; what the secret doubts and misgivings that beset them. What the doctor was to the world of sickness and infirmity did he become to the world of human passion and desire. Men came to him with the same unreserve—they stripped before him and laid bare the foul spots of their heart's disease—as though it were but repeating the story to themselves. Terrible and harrowing as are the tales which reach the physicians' ears, the stories revealed to his were more terrible and harrowing still. They came to him with narratives of reckless waste and ruin; with histories of debt that dated a century back; with worse, far worse—with tales of forgery and fraud. Crimes for which the law would have exacted its last expiation were whispered to him in that dreary confessional—his private office—and the evidences of guilt placed in his hands that he might read and reflect over them. And as the doctor moves through life with the sad knowledge of all the secret suffering around him—how little that "flush" indicates of health, how faintly beats the heart that seems to swell with happiness—so did this man walk a world that was a mere hospital ward of moral rottenness. Why should the priest and the physician be the only men to trade upon the infirmities of human nature? Why should they be the sole depositaries of those mysteries by which men's actions can be swayed and moulded? By what temptations are men so available as those that touch their material fortunes, and why not make this moral country an especial study? Such were his theory and his practice.

There is often a remarkable fitness between men and the circumstances of their age; and this has led to the opinion that it is by the events themselves the agents are developed; we incline to think differently, as the appearance of both together is rather in obedience to some overruling edict of Providence which has alike provided the work and the workmen. It would be a shallow reading of history to imagine Cromwell the child of the Revolution, or Napoleon as the accident of the battle of the sections. Davenport Dunn sprang into eminence when, by the action of the Encumbered Estates Court, a great change was operated in the condition of Ireland. To grasp at once the immense consequences of a tremendous social revolution—to foresee even some of the results of this sweeping confiscation, required no common knowledge of the country, and no small insight into its habits. The old feudalism that had linked the fate of a starving people with the fortunes of a ruined gentry was to be extinguished at once, and a great experiment tried. Was Ireland to be more governable in prosperity than in adversity? This was a problem which really might not seem to challenge much doubt, and yet was it by no means devoid of difficulty to those minds who had long based their ideas of ruling that land on the principles of fomenting its dissensions and separating its people. Davenport Dunn saw the hesitation of the moment, and offered himself at once to solve the difficulty. The transfer of property might be conducted in such a way as to favor the views of a particular party in the state; the new proprietary might be selected, and the aim of a Government con-

sulted in the establishment of this new squirearchy. He thought so at least, and what is more, he persuaded a chief secretary to believe him.

Nothing reads more simply than the sale of an encumbered estate: "In the matter of Sir Roger O'Moore, Bart., Brian O'Moore, and Margaret Halliday, owners, and Paul Maybey, petitioner, the Commissioners will, on Friday next, at the hour of noon"—and so on; and then come the descriptive particulars of Carrickross, Dummynagan, and Lantygoree, with Griffith's valuation and the ordinance survey, concluding with a recital of all the penalties, reservations, covenants, clauses, &c., with the modest mention of twenty odd pounds some shillings tithe-rent charge, for a finish. To dispossess of this a man that never really owned it for the last forty years and invest it in another, who never saw it, was the easy operation of the auctioneer's hammer; and with a chief commissioner to ratify the sale, few things seem easier than the whole process. Still there are certain aspects in the transaction which suggest reflection. What were the ties, what the relations, between the original owner and the tenantry who held under him? What kind of social system had bound them—what were the mutual services they rendered each other? For the reverence and respect tendered on one side, and for the thousand little charities and kindnesses bestowed on the other, what was to be the compensation? How was that guidance and direction, more or less inherent in those who are the heads of a neighborhood, to be replaced? Was it quite certain that the incoming proprietor would care to study the habits, the tastes, and the tempers of the peasantry on his estate, learn their ways, or understand their difficulties? And, lastly, what new political complexion would the country wear? Would it become more Conservative or more Whig, more Democratic or more Saxon?

Davenport Dunn's opinion was that the case was precisely that of a new colony, where the first settlers, too busy about their material interests to care for mere speculative questions, would attach themselves heartily to any existing Government, giving their adhesion whatever afforded them protection to their property and safety to their lives. "Take this new colony," said he, "into your especial care, and their sons and grandsons will be yours afterwards. A new regiment is being raised, write your own legends on their colors, and they are yours." He sketched out a system by which this new squirearchy was to be dealt with—how courted, flattered, and rewarded. He showed how, in attaching them to the State, the government of the country might be rendered more easy, and the dreaded influence of the priest be antagonized most effectually; and, finally, demonstrated that Ireland, which had been the stereotyped difficulty of every administration, might now be turned into a stronghold against opposition.

Thereplace the great proprietary whose estates were now in the market by a new constituency in accordance with his views, was therefore his general scheme, and he addressed himself to this task with all his peculiar energy. He organized the registry of all the encumbered estates of Ireland, with every detail which could illustrate the various advantages; he established an immense correspondence with English capitalists eager for new investments; he possessed himself of intimate knowledge of all the variations and fluctuations which attend the money market at certain periods, so that he knew the most favorable moments to suggest speculation; and, lastly, he had craft enough to carry his system into operation without any suspicion being attached to it; and was able to say to a Viceroy, "Look and judge for yourself, my lord, whose influence is now paramount in Ireland."

Truly, it was not easy for a government to ignore him—his name turned up at every moment. From the stirring incident of a great county election to the small contest for a poor-law guardianship, he figured everywhere, until every question of policy became coupled with the inevitable demand, "What does Dunn think of it?"

Like all men of strong ambition, he encouraged few or no intimacies; he had actually no friendships. He wanted no counsels—nor would he have stooped to have laid a case for advice before any one. Parly in consequence of this he was spoken of generally in terms of depreciation and discredit. Some called him lucky—a happy phrase that adapted itself to any fancy; some said he was a common-place, vulgar fellow, with certain business aptitudes, but quite incapable of any wide or extended views; some again went further, and said he was the mere tool of certain clever heads that did not care to figure in the foreground; and not a few wondered that "a man of this kind" should have ever attained to any eminence or station in the land.

"You'll see how his Excellency will turn him to account! he knows how to deal with fellows of this stamp," said a Private Secretary in the Castle.

"I have no doubt, sir, Mr. Davenport Dunn would agree with you," said the Attorney-General with a sneer; "but the opinion would be bad in law!"

"He's not very much of a Churchman, I suspect," whispered a Bishop; "but we find him occasionally useful."

"He serves our purpose!" pompously spoke a country gentleman, who really, in the sentiment, represented a class.

Such was the man who now sat alone, communing with himself, in his room at the Villa d'Este. Let us believe that he had enough to think of.

CHAPTER IX.—A DAY ON THE LAKE OF COMO.

WE fully sympathise with Lord Lackington, who preferred the picnic and the society of Miss Molly O'Reilly to the cares of business and an interview with Davenport Dunn. The Lake of Como, on a fine day of summer or early autumn, and with a heart moderately free from the anxieties and sorrows of life, is a very enjoyable locality, and essentially so to a man of the world like the noble Viscount, who liked to have the more romantic features of the scene blended with associations of ease and pleasure, and be able to turn from the contemplation of Alpine ruggedness to the sight of some terraced garden, glowing in the luxuriance of its vegetation. Never, perhaps, was there ever a spot so calculated to appeal successfully to the feelings of men of his stamp. There was mountain grandeur and desolation—snow-peak and precipice, but all in the back distance, not near enough to suggest even the fear of cold, or the disagreeable idea of a sledge journey. There were innumerable villas of every style and class; some spacious and splendid enough for royal residences; others, coquettish little chalets, where lovers might pass the honeymoon. There were tasteful pavilions over the very lake—snug spots where solitude might love to ponder, a student read, or an idler enjoy his cigar, in the most enviable of scenes. Trellised vine-walks zig-zagged up the hills to some picturesque shrine whose modest little spire rose above the olive trees, or some rude steps in the rock led down to a little nook, whose white sands glistened beneath the crystal waters—such a bath as no Sybarite, in all his most glowing fancy, ever imagined. And amid all, and through all, there was that air of wealth—that assurance of affluence and abundance—which comes so home to the hearts of men whose sense of enjoyment can only be gratified where there is no sacrifice to their love of ease. In the noble Viscount's estimation the place was perfect. It was even associated with the solitary bit of romance of his whole life. It was here that he passed the few weeks after his wedding; and though he had preserved little of those feelings which imparted the happiness to that period, though her ladyship did not recall to his mind the attractions which once had fascinated him—new glared and new lacquered over and over again as was the vase—"the scent of the roses had clung to it still." The distance that lends enchantment to the material has also its influence on the moral picture. Memory softens and subdues many a harsh tint, mellow many an incongruity, and blends into a pleasant harmony many things which, in their proximity, were the reverse of agreeable. Not that we would be meant to say that Lord Lackington's honeymoon was not like yours, an elysium of happiness and bliss, we would simply imply that, in recalling it, he only remembered the rose tints, and never brought up one of the shadows. He had, in his own fashion, poetized that little episode of his life, when, dressed in a fancy and becoming costume, he played Gondolier to his young bride, scaled the mountain to fetch her Alp-roses, and read aloud "Childs Harold," as he interpreted Harrow recollections of his author. Not one of these did he now remember—he'd as soon have dreamed of being marker at a billiard table, as of playing the Barcarole; and as to mountain excursions, he'd not have bargained for any success that required the exertion of a steep staircase.

"There's a little villa in a bay, somewhere hereabouts," said he, as the boat glided smoothly along; "I should like much to show it to you." This was addressed to Molly O'Reilly, who sat beside him.

"Do you happen to know La Pace?" asked he of one of the boat-men.

"To be sure I do, Eccellenza. Who doesn't? My own father was barcarole there to a great milordo, I can't say how many years back. "Ah," added he, laughing, "what stories he used to have of that same milordo, who was always dressing himself up to be a gondolier or a chamois hunter."

"We haven't asked for your father's memoirs, my good fellow; we only wanted you to show us where La Pace lies," said the viscount, testily.

"There it is, then, Eccellenza," said the man, as they rounded a little promontory of rock, and came in full view of a small cove, in the centre of which stood the villa.

Untenanted and neglected as it was, there was yet about it that glorious luxuriance of vegetation—that rare growth of vines and olive, and oleander and cactus, which seems to more than compensate for all the care and supervision of men. The overladen orange-trees dipped their weary branches in the lake, where the golden balls rose and fell as the water surged about them. The tangled vines sprawled over the ground, staining the deep grass with their purple blood. Olive berries lay deep around, and a thousand perfumes loaded the air as the faint breeze stirred it.

"Let me show you a true Italian villa," said the viscount, as the boat glided up to the steps cut in the marble rock. "I once passed a few weeks here; a caprice seized me to know what kind of life it would be to loiter amidst olive groves, and have no other company than the cicada and the green lizard."

"Faith, my lord," said O'Reilly, "if you could live upon figs and lemons you'd have nothing to complain of, but I'm thinking you found it lonely."

"I scarcely remember, but my impression is, I liked it," said he, with a slight hesitation. "I used to lie under that great cedar, yonder, and read Petrarch."

"Capital fun—excellent—live here for two hundred a year, or even less—plenty of fish in the lake—keep the servants on water-melons," said Twining, slapping his legs, as he made this domestic calculation to himself.

"With people one liked about one," said Miss O'Reilly, "I don't see why this shouldn't be a delicious spot."

"There's not a hundred yards of background. You couldn't give a horse walking exercise here, if your life was on it," said Spicer, contemptuously.

"Splendid grapes, wonderful oranges, finest melons I ever saw; all going to waste, too," said Twining, laughing, as if such utter neglect was a very droll thing. "Get this place a bargain—might have it for a mere nothing."

"So you might, O'Reilly," said the viscount; "it is one of those deserted spots that are picked up for a tenth of their value; buy it, fit it up handsomely, and we'll come and spend the autumn with you, won't we, Twining?"

"Upon my life we will, I'll swear it; be here first of September to the day, and stay till—as long as you please. Great fun."

"Delicious spot to come and repose in from the cares and worries of life," said Lord Lackington, as he stretched upon a bench and began peeling an orange.

"I'd get the blue devils in a week—I'd be found hanging some fine morning."

"For shame, papa," broke in Molly. "My lord says he'd come on a visit to us, and you know we'd only be here in the autumn."

"Just so—come here for the wine season—get in your olives and look after your oil—great fun," chimed in Twining, merrily.

"I declare I'd like it of all things, would not you?" said the elder girl to Spicer, who had now begun to reflect that there was a kind of straw-yard season for men as well as for hunters—when the great object was to live cheap and husband your resources; and as he ruminated over the leary quietness of an existence that would cost nothing, when even his *Bell's Life* should be inserted amongst the family extraneousities, he vouchsafed to approve the scheme, and in his mumbling tones, in imitation of Heaven knows what celebrated sporting character, he grumbled out, "Make the governor go in for it by all means!"

Twining had entered into the project most eagerly. One of the most marked traits of his singular mind was not merely to enjoy his own pre-eminence in wealth over so many others, but to chuckle over all the possible mistakes which he had escaped and they had fallen into. To know that there was a speculation whose temptation he had resisted and which had engulfed all who engaged in it—to see the bank fail whose directorship he had refused—or the railroad smash whose preference shares he had rejected—this was an intense delight to him, and on such occasions was it that he slapped his lean legs most enthusiastically, and exclaimed, "What fun!" with the true zest of enjoyment.

To plant a man of O'Reilly's stamp in such a soil seemed, therefore, about the best practical joke he had ever heard of, and so he walked him over the villa, discoursing eloquently on all the advantages of the project—the great social position it would confer—the place he would occupy in the country—the soundness of the investment—the certainty of securing great matches for the girls: "What a view that window opened of the Spilgen Alps! what a delicious spot, this little room, to sip one's claret of an autumn evening! Think of the dessert growing almost into the very dining-room, and your trout leaping within a yard of the breakfast-table! Austrians charmed to have you—make you a Count—a Hof something or other, at once—give you a cross—great fun, eh?—Graf O'Reilly—sound admirably—do it by all means."

While Twining's attack was being conducted in this fashion, Lord Lackington was not less industriously pursuing his plan of campaign elsewhere; he had sauntered with Molly into the garden and a little pavilion at the end of it, where the lake was seen in one of its most picturesque aspects. It was a well-known spot to him, he had passed many an evening on that low window-seat, half-dreamingly forgetting himself in the peaceful scene—half-consciously recalling pleasant nights at Brook's, and gay dinners at Carlton House. Here was it that he first grew hipped with matrimony, and so seated with its happiness, that he actually began to long for any little disaster that might dash the smooth monotony of his life; and yet now, by one of those strange tricks memory plays us, he fancied that the moments he had once passed here had never been equalled in all his after life.

"I'm certain, though you won't confess," said she, after one of his most eloquent bursts of remembered enjoyment—"I'm certain you were very much in love, those days."

"An ideal passion, perhaps, a poetised vision of that bright creature who should, one day or other, sway this poor heart," and he flattened the creases of his spotless white waistcoat; "but if you mean that I knew of any, had ever seen any, until now, this very moment—"

"Stop! remember your promise," said she, laughing.

"But, charming Molly, I'm only mortal," said he, with an air of such superb humility, that made her at once remember it was a peer who said it.

"Mortals must keep their word," said she, pertly. "The condition on which I consented to accept your companionship was—But I needn't remind you."

"No, do not, dear Molly, for I shall be delighted to forget it. You are aware that no law ever obliged a man to do what was impossible; and that to exact any pledge from him to such an end is in itself an illegality. You little suspected, therefore, that it was you, not I, who was the delinquent."

"All I know is, that you assured me you'd not—you'd not talk nonsense," said she, blushing deeply, half angry, half ashamed.

"Oh! never guessed you were here," broke in Twining, as he peeped through the window. "Sweet spot—so quiet and secluded—capital fun!"

"There is such a view from this, papa," said Molly, in some confusion at Twining's bantering look; "come round and see it."

"I have just been telling this dear girl of yours, O'Reilly, that you ought to make this place your own," said Lord Lackington. "Don't fancy you'd be out of the world here. Why there's the Villa d'Este, a European celebrity at once—it will be thronged next year to sublocation. The *Galignani*, I see, has already mentioned myself and Lady Lackington as among the visitors. These things have their effect. The press in our day is an estate."

"Indeed, I'm sure of it. There was a cousin of my wife's drew his two hundred a year out of the *Tyrawley Express*—a daily little paper that maybe your lordship never seen."

"When I said an estate, sir, I rather alluded to a recognized condition of power and influence than to mere wealth. Not, I will add,

that I am one of those who approve of this consummation; nor can I see how men of my order can ever so regard it."

"Well," said O'Reilly, sighing, as though the confession cost something, "there's nothing equal to a newspaper. I'm reading *Saunders* this eight-and-forty years, and I own to you I never found one I liked so much. For you see, my lord, its the same with a paper as with your house—you ought to know where to lay your hand on what you want. Now, you might as well put me in Buckingham Palace, and tell me to find my bedroom, as give me the *Times* and bid me discover the Vice-regal Court. If they mention it at all, it's among the accidents and offences."

"Castle festivities—Patrick's Hall—great fun!" said Twining, laughing pleasantly, for he cherished some merry recollections of these hospitalities.

"Have you—But of course you were too young for presentation," said his lordship to Molly.

"We weren't out; but, in any case, I'm sure we'd not have been there," said Molly.

"The pleasure of that presentation may perhaps be reserved for me, who knows?" said the viscount graciously. "If our people come in, it is the post they'd offer me."

"Lord-Lieutenant!" said Molly, opening her eyes to the fullest.

"Even so, ma belle. Shall we rehearse the ceremony of presentation? Twining do you perform the Chamberlain. Stand aside, O'Reilly—be a gentleman at large or an Ulster King-at-Arms. Now for it."

And so saying, he drew himself proudly up to an attitude of considerable dignity, while Twining, muttering to himself, "What fun!" announced aloud, "Miss Molly O'Reilly, your Excellency;" at which, and before she was aware, his excellency stepped one step in advance, and saluted her on either cheek with a cordiality that covered her with blushes.

"That's not it at all, I'm certain," said she, half angrily.

"On my life, it's the exact ceremony, and no more," said the viscount. Then resuming the performance, he added, "Take care, Twining, that she is put on your list for the balls. O'Reilly, your niece is charming."

"My niece—sure she's—"

"You forget, my worthy friend, that we are enacting Viceroy, and cannot charge our memory with the ties of kindred."

Spicer now came up to say that a thunderstorm was threatening, and that the wisest course would probably be to land the luncheon and remain where they were till the hurricane should pass over. The proposition was at once approved of, and the party were soon busily occupying themselves in the cares for the entertainment; all agreeing that they felt no regret at being separated from the other boat which had proceeded up the lake; in fact, as Mr. O'Reilly said, "they were snigger as they were, without the Roosians," a sentiment in various ways acknowledged by the rest.

Strange freemasonry is there in conviviality: the little preparations for this picnic dinner disseminated amidst them all the fellowship of old acquaintance, and as they assisted and aided each other, a degree of kindness grew up that bound them together like a family. Each vied with each in displaying his power of usefulness and agreeability, and even the noble viscount, who actually did nothing whatever, so simulated occupation and activity, that he was regarded by all as the very life and soul of the party. And yet we are unjust in saying he did nothing, for he it was, who by the charm of his manner, the ready tact of a consummate man of the world, imparted to the meeting its great success. Unused to the agreeable qualities of such men, O'Reilly felt all the astonishment that great conversational gifts inspire, and sat amazed and delighted at the stores of pleasant stories, witty remarks, and acute observations poured out before him.

He knew nothing of the skill by which these abilities were guided, nor how, like cunning shopkeepers dressing their wares to most advantage, such men exhibit their qualities with all the artifice of display. He never suspected the subtle flattery by which he was led to fancy himself the intimate of men whose names were freely talked of before him, till at length the atmosphere of the great world was to him like the air he had breathed from childhood.

"How the prince would have relished O'Reilly," said the viscount to Twining, in a whisper easily overheard. "That tracery humor, that strong native common sense, that vigorous disregard of petty obstacles wherever he is bent on following out a path—his royal highness would have appreciated all these."

"Unquestionably—been charmed with them—thought him most agreeable—great fun."

"You remind me of O'Reilly—Colonel O'Reilly—O'Reilly; strange enough, too, each of you should be of that same old Celtic blood. But perhaps it is just that very element that causes you the peculiar social fascination that I was alluding to. You are not old enough, Twining, to remember that small house with the bay-windows opening on the Birdcage Walk; it was like a country parsonage dropped down in the midst of London, with honeysuckles over the porch and peacocks on the lawn in front of it. O'Reilly and Payne lived there together—the two pleasantest bachelors that ever joined in partnership. The prince dined with them by agreement every Friday. The charm of the thing was no state, no parade whatever. It was just as if O'Reilly here were to take this villa, and say, 'Now, Lackington, I am rich enough to enjoy myself, I don't want the worry and fatigue of hunting out the pleasantest people of the world; but you know them all, you understand them—their ways, their wants, and their requirements—just tell me frankly, couldn't we manage to make this their rallying spot through Europe? Settled down here in the midst of the most lovely scenery in the world, with a good cook and a good cellar, might not this place become a perfect Paradise?'"

"If I only knew that your lordship, just yourself alone, and of course the present company," added O'Reilly, with a bow round the table, "would vouchsafe me the honor of a visit, I'd be proud to be the owner of this place to-morrow. Indeed, I don't see why we wouldn't be as well here as tramping over the world in dust and heat. If, then, the girls see no objection—"

"I should like it of all things, papa," broke in Miss O'Reilly.

"I am charmed with the very thought of it," cried Molly.

"Capital thought—romantic notion—save any amount of money, and no taxes," muttered Twining.

"There is no approach by land whatever," said Spicer, who foresaw that all his horse capabilities would receive no development here.

"All the better," broke in Twining; "no interlopers—no fellows cantering down to luncheon, or driving over to dine—must come by boat, and be seen an hour beforehand."

"If I know anything of my friend here," said the viscount, "his taste will rather lie in the fashion of a warm welcome than a polite denial to a visitor. You must talk to Lanfranchi about the place to-morrow, O'Reilly. He's a shrewd fellow, and knows how to go about these things."

"Faith, my lord, I see everything in sunshine so long as I sit in such company. It's the very genial kind of thing I like. A few friends—if I'm not taking too great a liberty—"

"No; by no means, O'Reilly. The esteem I feel for you, and that Twining feels for you—here his lordship looked over at Spicer and slightly nodded, as though to say, "There is another there who requires no formal mention in the deed"—are not passing sentiments, and we sincerely desire they may be accepted as true friendship."

"To be sure—unquestionably—great regard—unbounded admiration—what fun!" muttered Twining, half aloud.

The evening wore along in pleasant projects for the future. Spicer had undertaken to provide workmen and artificers of various kinds to repair and decorate the villa and its grounds. He knew of such a gardener, too; and he thought, by a little bribery and a trip down to Naples, he might seduce the Prince of Syracuse's cook—a Sicilian, worth all the Frenchmen in the world for an ultramontane "cuisine." In fact, ere the bright moonlight on the lake reminded them of their journey homeward, they had arranged a plan of existence for the O'Reillys almost Elysian in its enjoyments.

Few things develop more imaginative powers than the description of a mode of life wherein "money is no object," and wishing and having are convertible terms. Let a number of people—the least gifted though they be with the graces of fancy—so picture forth such an existence, and see how, by the mere multiplication of various tastes, they will end by creating a most voluptuous and splendid tableau. O'Reilly's councillors were rather adepts in their way, and certainly they did not forget one single ingredient of pleasure; till, when the boat glided into the little bay of the D'Este, such a story of a life was sketched out that nothing out of fairy-land could rival.

"I'll have it, my lord; the place is as good as mine this minute," said O'Reilly, as he stepped on shore; and as he spoke his heart thrilled with the concentrated delights of a whole life of happiness.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

DIMENSIONS OF EUROPEAN CHURCHES.—The *Roman Advertiser* gives the following statistics of the capabilities of St. Peter's, as compared with other great churches, allowing four persons to the quadruple metre (square yard.)

	Persons	Sq. yds.
St. Peter's.....	54,000	13,500
Milan Cathedral.....	37,000	9,250
St. Paul's at Rome.....	32,000	8,000
St. Paul's at London.....	25,000	6,400
St. Petronia at Bologna.....	24,400	6,100
Florence Cathedral.....	24,300	6,075
Antwerp Cathedral.....	24,000	6,000
St. Sophia's at Constantinople.....	23,000	5,750
St. John, Lateran.....	22,000	5,500
Notre Dame at Paris.....	21,000	5,250
Pisa Cathedral.....	19,000	4,750
St. Stephen's at Vienna.....	18,400	4,600
St. Dominic's at Bologna.....	18,000	4,500
St. Peter's at Bologna.....	17,400	4,350
Cathedral of Sienna.....	17,000	4,250
St. Mark's, Venice.....	7,000	1,700

The piazza of St. Peter's in its widest limits, allowing twelve persons to the quadruple metre, holds 624,000; allowing four to the same, drawn up in military array, 208,000. In its narrower limits, not comprising the porticoes or the piazza rustici, 474,000, crowded, and 138,000 in military array, to the quadruple metre.

RE-ASSESSMENT IN VIRGINIA.—The result of the re-assessment of the lands of the Commonwealth has been ascertained and is given by the *Richmond Examiner*. The assessment of 1850 made the aggregate value of the real estate in Virginia \$274,680,226. The assessment of 1856 makes this value \$383,424,096, and shows an increase of \$98,743,869. This last assessment has been made, too, under the influence of double taxes, when a combination of circumstances conspired to induce as low a State valuation as possible. The real value of the lands of the State is nearer \$450,000,000 than \$373,000,000.

In England one acre of ground yields four and a half pounds of barley per day—1,600 pounds per annum. Of wheat three and a half pounds per day—1,200 pounds per annum.

THE RUSSIAN MILLENNIUM.—In five years from the present date Russia will have attained the age of one thousand years, an event to be celebrated by the erection of a monument, for which a subscription has just been set on foot. The monument is to be built in the city of Novgorod, the capital of the first ruler of the empire, and the voluntary contributions in aid of its erection will be received by government officials throughout the empire until 1886.

Bees, beetles, dragon-flies, gnats, spiders, &c., have minute animalcules upon their bodies.

A NEW PLEASURE—THE AQUARIUM OR AQUA-VIVARIUM.

ANY one who "causes two blades of grass to grow where there was but one before," is justly considered a public benefactor; so the person who discovers a "new pleasure," which is rational, and gives us more elevated and enlarged views of Nature, with its illimitable wonders and transcendent beauties, is entitled to our gratitude. Such a man is Robert Warrington, Esq., Superintendent of Apothecaries' Hall, Blackfriars, London. The "new pleasure" which he has created for his fellow-man is entitled the "Aquarium," the "Aqua-vivarium," the "Vivarium," the "Marine Aquarium," or the "Aquatic Vivarium," either one of these terms being used to designate this new and highly interesting discovery. The last named term is perhaps the most strictly correct, but for brevity the novelty in question is now generally called an "Aquarium."

Before attempting to describe the beauties of this delightful discovery in its present state of perfection, it may be interesting to glance at the processes which led to it. In Professor Brande's valuable "Manual of Chemistry" for 1821 appears the following statement: "Fishes breathe the air which is dissolved in water; they therefore soon deprive it of its oxygen, the place of which is supplied by carbonic acid. This is in many instances decomposed by aquatic vegetables, which restore oxygen and absorb the carbon: hence the advantage of growing vegetables in artificial ponds."

This statement led Mr. Warrington step by step through a series of experiments. He had been in the habit of keeping several gold fish in a jar of water; but as all persons who indulge in this cruel and unsatisfactory practice well know, the water must be changed daily in order to preserve the fish alive; and acting under the hint of Professor Brande, Mr. Warrington placed some sand, mud and stones at the bottom of his glass receiver, and therein planted some peculiar grass, the leaves of which evolved a sufficient quantity of oxygen gas to purify the water, and thus preserve the fish in fine health without requiring any change of water. When, however, the leaves of the grass began to decompose, the water was rendered turbid, and the surface and sides of the receiver became covered with green, slimy mucus; the leaves became yellow, and the fish seemed threatened with a destruction of their vital functions. To remove this mucus, and thereby retain the purity of the water, was the next object to be attained. After repeated experiments, Mr. Warrington succeeded in discovering an aquatic animal, whose natural food is the very green slimy growth or mucus and decaying vegetable matter, which threatened to destroy the desired object. This "useful little scavenger," it was found, just completed the circle, so that they could all live in harmony together, preserving a limited quantity of water in its purity for an indefinite period of time.

The final result of this is, "the grand Aquarium," now daily seen in the Zoological Gardens, London. It consists of a dozen water scenes or ponds, inclosed between walls of plate glass, in which is exhibited, in its natural condition, an amazingly curious and beautiful collection of living marine and fresh-water fish, molluscs, zoophytes, and plants. The whole length of the ponds is about eighty feet, each pond being about six feet in length, inclosed by walls of the finest plate glass, each in a single piece. These translucent ponds, furnished with rocks, shingle and sand, with sea-weed growing in it, present a model of some nook at the bottom of the sea; and there we have a group of shell-fish, of living shells, of star fish, of sea anemones, or of nudibranches, as the case may be, disporting themselves in precisely the same manner as if they were still uncaptured and free in the depths whence they were borne. The singular mechanism by which these creatures move, by which they seize and devour their prey—the peculiar habits of the shrimps, the sea-spider, the crab, lobster, oyster and muscle—and the transcendent beauty of the brilliant and many-colored zoophytes, those "flowers of the ocean," which astonish us by grasping their prey with their apparently vegetable branches—these, and the extraordinary changes of color which many of them undergo, render each of these ponds, for a close beholder, the occupation of a day; for however long he may stand contemplating the wonders they inclose, some new action, some movement which he has not seen before, is constantly presented to him. The abundance of specimens which each pond contains, the numerous retreats which the rocks and plants afford to them, and of which the various portions of the inhabitants appear to avail themselves successively, will always prevent the exhaustion of the subject by the visitor; and it is this fact, as well as the extreme beauty of the objects themselves, which makes this "new pleasure" most enchanting, and renders it a "joy for ever."

Of course so pleasing a novelty could not long be confined to a single locality. Sir Robert Peel led the way by ordering



1, EDWARDSIA VESTITA. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, STAR FISHES. 7, COMMON SHRIMP.

splendid Aquarium for his conservatory, and at this present writing thousands of beautiful "parlor Aquariums" are scattered throughout the houses of the wealthy families of England; not one of title or distinction would exhibit the bad taste to be without one or more vases of these living, moving "sea-flowers."

The ever observant *Punch* has seen necessary to allude to this fact, in his own way, as follows:

INVITATION TO THE AQUARIUM.

Oh, come with me and you shall see
My beautiful Aquarium; or if that word
You call absurd, we'll say instead Vivarium.
'Tis a glass case, in fluid space,
Where over pebbles woody, small fishes play.
Now do not say you think they must be seedy.
My Minnows thrive, they're all alive,
My Gudgeons also flourish; Trout, Perch and Jack,
And Stickleback* within that glass I nourish.

Nor can it be wished or expected that this novelty will long be confined to the other side of the Atlantic. Our coasts and rivers are alive with all the aquatic beauties found in Great Britain, and as the sea water has been analyzed, and a recipe published for making it artificially, living marine specimens may be kept in fine health thousands of miles from the seaboard. Hence our American "sovereigns" will make haste to enjoy this latest variety, and it cannot be long before the drawing-rooms of the Fifth Avenue, and their compeers of Boston, Philadelphia, and other American cities, will be smiling with this most beautiful exhibition of nature's handiwork, brought by the ingenuity of science to our firesides, and made subservient to our pleasure. In England they are already everywhere common in the houses of respectable people, being no longer confined to the parlors of the wealthy or aristocratic.

We have never witnessed anything more really beautiful than one of these Aquariums, and the moral influence they will exert in the family circle will insure them a cordial welcome, even if they were intrinsically less attractive. No intelligent child can, day after day, witness the wonders of creation displayed in these exhibitions without being insensibly led to study the natural history of the objects displayed, and thus inducted into the broad and exhaustless field, will be induced to comprehend the wonderful laws which control created things, and thereby learn to ascend from Nature up to Nature's God.

Our engravings will give a tolerable idea of some of the most interesting combinations brought together by the Aquarium, though all language and artistic skill fall immeasurably behind in any attempt to give a just idea of the beauty of the natural exhibition. The different fishes represented in the engravings are all found in private Aquariums, and the disciple of Isaac Walton is thus permitted to study at his leisure the habits of his favorite fish. Among the most popular of the smaller species of fish used for the Aquarium is the stickleback (*Gasterosteus trachurus*), which is famous for being attired in a bright emerald jacket, with a brilliant orange breast; and beside their brilliancy their peculiar habits make them very interesting fellows. They are possessed of muscular strength apparently far beyond their tiny dimensions, and are extremely playful, often gamboling around their watery world and leaping, when excited to unusual joyousness by the genial warmth of a summer afternoon, more than a foot out of the water.

Their cuirass-like armor and sharp spines prove a very great shield against the attacks of other fish; but they have an insidious enemy in a small, crustaceous parasite, which attaches itself to their bodies, and sucking the blood, soon puts an end to our unfortunate stickleback.

They are very warlike, and not unfrequently bloody conflicts take place between them, in which their pointed spines prove powerful weapons. In combat their various colors become surprisingly vivid, and the water is in a glow with scarlet, green and white. But if conquered, these gay hues fade away into dull and sombre gray—except in the very moment of death, when, like the dolphin in story, they assume for an instant their splendid coloring and then die.

The stickleback differs from the rest of the fishy tribe in his constructive ingenuity, as displayed in the nests he builds for the accommodation of his young. They are curious compounds of sand, gluten, twigs and weeds, all of which he deposits and arranges with almost incredible perseverance and energy. His habits are extremely amusing and interesting, and we can conceive of no more delightful occupation for all those who have leisure for such associations, than to observe all their characteristics, and to watch the graceful motions of the busy inhabitants of an Aquarium. It would be difficult to describe the brilliant and delicate colors of the sea anemones and ocean flowers which frequently diversify these collections. They glitter, like living jewels, through the translucent water, whose clear and constantly varying tide serves to heighten their singular brightness and beauty.

The star fish, with their uniform of pink and

scarlet—the lively little Palsamon, or prawn, whose busy efforts keep the water pure and healthful—and the small water scorpion, with his darting motion, are all interesting and attractive objects. Very little is generally known about the habits and customs of these tiny denizens of the sea; and while no more beautiful object can be imagined than their brilliantly-colored hosts, seen through the illusive medium of their native waters, there is nothing which can afford greater instruction and entertainment than to observe the different features and phases of life in an Aquarium.

A SARDINIAN newspaper gives an account of a solemn reconciliation effected between the villages of Perfugas and Bortigadas (island of Sardinia), the inhabitants of which had lived in perpetual feud (*vendetta*) for upwards of a century. The most singular circumstance connected with this event is, that it has been brought about by a notorious bandit, named Pietro Marras,



1, 2, COMMON STICKLEBACKS AND THEIR NESTS. 3, CADIS WORM. 4, MARSH SNAIL. 5, WATER SCORPION.

a native of Perfugas, who has been the terror of the country for the last twenty-two years. He obtained a safe-conduct from the Government, in order to be present at the ceremony of the reconciliation, and when it was accomplished, though offered a pardon by the Government, returned to his former mode of life.

A VERY lengthy and tedious case was recently tried before the Probate Court, Cincinnati, in regard to a child, a boy, Frank House, who had been bound out by his mother, Mary House, to a woman named Alice Smith; the mother claiming her son upon the ground that Alice was an improper guardian for Frank. This charge was substantiated, but, unfortunately for the mother, her reputation was likewise shown to be very doubtful, and the court decided her an improper person to intrust with the child, who was placed in charge of one of the city officials until wanted by a responsible and respectable party.



DESIGN FOR PLANTING A CIRCULAR AQUARIUM WITH ARUM, SUNDEW, FORGET-ME-NOT, ETC.

Then there's the Roach, and there's the Loach,
And there's the Crawfish crawling; and Efts and Newts—
Don't call them Brutes—o'er one another sprawling.

A pretty sight, how I delight
Of Nature in the study. The water here
Is oh! so clear—it would not do if muddy.

My Dicky sings and claps his wings,
I know that what he wishes, is to escape
His cage and scrape acquaintance with the fishes.

Now tell me do, suppose that you
Your mode of life could vary; which would you like,
To be my Pike or to be my Canary?

* The "Stickleback" is a small fish which builds a nest not unlike a bird's nest, in which the spawn and young fish are protected by the male parent. A beautiful illustration of this fish and its nest is given in Noel Humphrey's "Ocean and River Gardens," published by Sampson Lowe & Son, London, and sold by Messrs. Bangs & Co., New York.



MINNOWS, PERCH, TENCH, ROACH, AND PIKE.



MR. MIGGLES ASSUMES THE DEFENSIVE.

MR. MIGGLES DOES SARATOGA.

"If it be done, let it be well done!"

MR. MIGGLES is a gentleman of moderate income, no nerves, and a strong inclination to gout. It is unnecessary to specify the exact locality of Mr. Miggles's residence; it may gratify the typographical inquirer, however, to know that he is a denizen of one of the up-town wards, where he owns considerable real estate, upon which he pays the water taxes with wonderful punctuality.

Mr. Miggles has a pompous style about him, which invariably inveigles the uninitiated into the belief that he is either an alderman or a deputy-sheriff, when, on the contrary, he is the most harmless, and frequently the most sensible man in the world. This little peculiarity arises from an innocent consciousness,



MR. MIGGLES INQUIRES WHAT COMPENSATION IS ANTICIPATED.

of his increasing responsibilities, as the paternal Miggles, and as the owner of divers stocks and up-town lots; but it never harms anybody, and when the gentleman is allowed to effervesce naturally, he is rather amusing than otherwise.

As the hot term approached this season, Mr. Miggles conceived the brilliant, though not original, idea of transferring the Miggleses to some one of the numerous rural districts for quiet and retirement. To this end, with sagacity and intelligence entirely his own, he selected the Northern Mecca of summer fashion-worshippers as the spot, above all others, calculated to afford the desired seclusion, and decidedly the only one where stocks and up-town lots were estimated at their real value.

"Shall I dump my family into an obscure sylvan locality?" meditated Miggles, senior. "Shall I separate myself, I, Miggles, from other gentlemen of fortune and station? Ha! hum! I should rather think not. Let those who have not the honor of a family nor a position in society to sustain, thus ostracise themselves; and let the Miggleses spend the summer at Saratoga!" Mr. Miggles's shirt-collar went up under the propulsion of his thumb and fore-finger, at least two inches, and his head settled down into it to a corresponding degree, so that the innocent linen looked very much like a breastwork behind which the father of the Miggleses had ensconced himself to defend his position.

Mr. and Mrs. Miggles, two duodecimo editions of the same, Mrs. Miggles's aunt, and a fabulous quantity of baggage, took passage in the night boat for Albany, a few days after the head of the family had interrogated himself in the searching and severe manner already detailed.

After the usual ten hours' sail, which Mr. Miggles spent in his berth and pronounced "sublime," they landed in the Dutch capital, and taking the early train, ten o'clock, found them at what Mr. Miggles called their "ha, hum, point of disembarkation."

Appleton's Guide had informed the traveller that the United States was the only hotel worthy of a man who had the honor of a family and a position in society to sustain, and he accordingly procured a gentleman with some silver letters on his hat of doubtful meaning, to convey thither himself and his numerous effects, including his other half, the two duodecimos, and Mrs. M.'s aunt.

"Ha, really, this is a delightful town!" said Mr. Miggles, admiringly, as he settled himself comfortably back in the carriage, in the expectation of a long drive to the hotel. "Hum, fine structure before us! Must be one of the hotels! Remarkably convenient to the depot! No necessity of hiring a conveyance! Hum. Pity the guide-book didn't mention it! What, ha, really, no accident, I hope?"

The carriage had stopped, and the last interrogatory was addressed to a colored gentleman with a short broom in his hand, who was in the act of opening the door, and replied, insinuatingly, "Oh, no, sah!"

Mr. Miggles got out and intercepted the gentleman with the ambiguous silver letters on his hat, just as he was dismounting from the box.

"Here you are, sir!" said he, as if communicating some valuable information.

"Undoubtedly, here I am!" said Mr. Miggles; "but, ha, hum, where am I?"

"At the States, sir, your hotel."

Mr. Miggles adjusted his double eyeglass, and, after taking a minute survey of what he had pronounced a fine structure, helped out the ladies and the two duodecimos, and then devoted himself to what he intended to be a stunning scrutiny of the gentleman with the ambiguous silver letters on his hat.

"It was, ha—very kind in you to drive me across the street! What compensation do you anticipate?"

Mr. Miggles was unusually dignified, and put as many stocks and up-town lots into his manner as the occasion warranted, for he apprehended that he had been imposed upon; but it wouldn't do; silver letters ejaculated "three and a 'af," in the most exquisitely nonchalant and matter-of-course style, and Mr. Miggles, conscious that he had the honor of a family, and a position in society to sustain, paid it, observing to himself as he closed his pocket-book, "I don't suppose, ha! that is denominated swindling here, but it looks to me, hum—damnably like it!"

"After securing his rooms, which the gentlemanly clerk 'regretted were not more accessible, and would be changed in a day or two,' he requested to be shown to them.

They formed a long procession—the Miggleses and their effects; first came an Ethiopian *avant courier* in a white linen jacket, then Miggles senior, who was followed by Mrs. Miggles, who was followed by Mrs. Miggles's aunt, and the two duodecimos, who were followed by a porter with a trunk and a valise, who was followed by another porter with another trunk and two valises. The line of march was through various parts of the extensive edifice, sometimes ascending, occasionally descending, around corners and through corridors, and piazzas, till Mr. Miggles was completely bewildered, as well as somewhat blown, and called a halt.

"Yes, sah, only a few steps this way, sah!"

Miggles let the procession advance, merely suggesting to his other half that "it was a very extensive structure," and, breathing pretty hard, followed the *avant courier* till he had inserted a key into one of the numerous doors, and opening it announced those as his apartments. Mr. Miggles surveyed "his apartments" with a critical eye.

They consisted of two rooms, of so far from vast dimensions that he at once contemptuously characterized them as "seven by nine affairs." The furniture was by no means on a grand scale. It consisted, in each room, of a bed, a washstand, a straw matting, and divers chairs, of fanciful, antique designs.

"It strikes me," said the head of the Miggleses, levelling his eyeglasses at "his apartments" with unexampled calmness, in view of the internal fires that were slumbering in his outraged bosom; "that this is, ha-hum, an occasion for remonstrance—an occasion for unlimited, and spontaneous, and strong remonstrance; and I shall instantly return to the office, Mrs. Miggles, and remonstrate violently. The honor of my family, and their, ha!—position in society cannot be maintained in quarters of this very limited description!"

Anybody could have told, as Mr. Miggles stepped into the corridor and settled himself behind his shirt-collar, in his usual defensive style, that something extraordinary was agitating his bosom. Indeed, so strongly and deeply was that



[MR. MIGGLES THINKS THERE IS OCCASION FOR REMONSTRANCE.]

portion of his organization exercised that he did not observe in what direction he was going, till he came plump against a bare wall, and found that he had reached the end of a passage. Then Mr. Miggles began to look about himself, and discovered clearly that he did not know where he was. He remembered to have



THE MIGGLESSES AT SARATOGA.

turned several corners since he had started, and he thought, but was not sure, that he had gone down one flight of stairs; but of the general direction he had taken, or of the shortest, or longest, or most direct, or most circuitous route to any given point, he was completely oblivious.

In this emergency Mr. Miggles calmly adjusted his eyeglasses and surveyed the passage in which he was. There was a gentleman walking at the further end of it, but he scorned to ask



THE MIGGLESSES DINE AT SARATOGA.

his assistance. There was a branch passage within a few yards of him, and this he determined to explore. Pulling up his shirt collar, and rattling his cane upon the floor with an air that was intended to show that he was thoroughly acquainted with the entire premises, Mr. Miggles walked boldly up the branch passage. It was a very short one, and he was just beginning to be aware that it differed singularly from the passage he had left, when he felt his glasses violently knocked from his nose, himself violently knocked against the wall, and a door violently slammed in his face, by a tall lady in *demi-toilette*, who said something about "an impudent old rascal," as she inflicted this vigorous discipline.

"Ha, hum—really," said Miggles, as he emerged from the branch passage, and re-adjusted his glasses. "If there were not a lady in the case, I should consider this an occasion for remonstrance, unlimited remonstrance."

Mrs. Miggles' perplexities increased as he attempted to extricate himself from the labyrinth. He had forgotten the number of his room; there were no servants anywhere visible, and the position in society which he was under bonds to sustain, made it out of the question for him to exhibit his ignorance to a stranger, by requesting him to disentangle him. The consequence was, that after he had been mercilessly badgered about by divers other ladies and nurses, the sanctity of whose apartments his ignorance and anxiety to "remonstrate" with the clerk at the office had led him to invade, he began to grow somewhat nervous. He commenced traversing the hall and passages with a feverish and extraordinary impulsiveness, which at once made him the centre of observation. Chambermaids put their heads out of the doors and stared at him, children stopped playing in the halls, and ran to their nurses when he approached, and the impression seemed to be growing general that Mr. Miggles and the Lunatic Asylum should be made better acquainted. Presently he brushed against a gentleman at a stair-landing, who collared him. He was about to remonstrate, when there was a scream at the head of the stairs, which Miggles knew came only from the throat of the wife of his bosom; he told the gentleman so, and made an apology instead of a remonstrance. The gentleman released him, and in an instant he was at the top of the stairs, and in the arms of Mrs. Miggles, who at once conducted him to their "apartments," which she had left but a moment before to look after him.

As a method of precaution, Mr. Miggles now took down upon his diary the number of his apartments—one thousand six hundred and four—and then sat down upon one of the trunks, to ruminate. Mrs. Miggles sat upon the other trunk, and Mrs. Miggles' aunt, and the two duodecimos, occupied the three valises. The ladies had not taken off their bonnets, nor changed their travelling dresses; they had been awaiting the result of Mr. Miggles' remonstrance, which they had conceived would be stupendous. Mr. Miggles unbent himself for a moment from his shirt-collar, and took a view of the interesting group by which he was surrounded. The result was evidently unsatisfactory.

"Fine structure, Mrs. Miggles! Large structure, very! Ha, hum—fine position for a man with the honor of a family, and a standing in society to sustain! The Miggleses all stored up here under the eaves, and—ha—can't get out to save their souls. Dignified and desirable condition of the Miggleses—hum—very! If you can discover any way of extricating your family from this—ha—category, Mrs. Miggles, I wish you'd do it! I'm paralysed myself in attempting it, and am entirely reconciled to staying here—hum—the remainder of the season!"

Mrs. Miggles said, if he could discover no means for their emancipation, he could hardly expect that she could.

Mr. Miggles said, it would give him paralysis to venture alone into the hall again, and he should on no account attempt it.

He adhered to his resolution, and the dinner-bell found the bone and sinew of the Miggleses still astride his trunk, fortified behind his shirt-collar. The joyful resonance of Morris's big bell brought no gladness to his heart; the family dignity had been affronted, seriously affronted, and he pined for a remonstrance. But there were sensibilities in that disconsolate group which were effected by the dinner-bell, to wit, those of the two duodecimos, who manifested the fact by a series of noises, which unmistakably exhibited the state of their youthful stomachs.

By a contingency which may be called Providential, a servant passed through the hall at that instant. Mr. Miggles, roused by the extraordinary apparition, rushed into the passage, and, seizing him by the shoulder, offered him a silver dollar to be shown the dining-room. The black phenomenon generously accepted the proposition. "Thank God!" exclaimed Miggles, taking a long breath, "my family is liberated!"

On reaching the dining-room the Miggleses were ushered by a waiter to the extreme end of a long table, at which they sat down, innocently expecting somebody would bring them soup. After waiting in vain for five minutes, Mr. Miggles suggested his expectations to a colored gentleman, who had been standing in his rear, doing nothing, for some time.

"Yes, sah!" was the response, when the colored gentleman bolted, and was never seen afterwards, in that part of the room. After another delay, Mr. Miggles insinuated his desire to another white jacketed individual, who was drumming, with great industry, on a silver-plated salver at his chair back.

This time he succeeded in getting soup for himself, and by making four successive applications for the other members of his family, at various intervals, the Miggleses were finally engaged on their soup at precisely the same time that people before and around them had reached their dessert.

Mr. Miggles was astonished at the wonderful activity displayed by waiters in their attendance upon a corpulent gentleman at his left. He finally thought he had discovered the secret, and slipping a quarter into an ebony hand, requested the owner of it to bring him roast lamb. At that instant he caught the indignant eye of the corpulent gentleman, heard the jingling of silver, and, casting a glance at the ebony hand, beheld his unfortunate quarter almost obliterated by the broad disk of a silver dollar. After waiting ten minutes to no purpose, he came to the conclusion he had made a bad investment, so he quadrupled it on the next occasion, and the lamb quickly appeared, as if by magic.

How his family fared at that dinner Mr. Miggles never knew. He was so intently occupied in distributing his spare silver, that for once in his life he forgot entirely the honor of his family, and the standing in society it was his mission to sustain. Finally, his specie was exhausted, and he was not a sufficient *habitué* of the dining-room to have established a credit among its black denizens. More dinner was, of course, out of the question; so he rose from the table with the firm determination of proceeding to the office to make a remonstrance.

On reflection, as he proceeded thither, he substituted the wiser plan of making a demand for his bill, and an announcement of his intended departure in the evening train.

"For a man who has the honor of a family, and a—ha—position in society to sustain," Mr. Miggles was heard to remark as he left the office, "it strikes me that this place is by far the most—hum—contemptible of any which I have had the honor to visit; for to sustain the honor of a family in an apartment like—hum—one thousand six hundred and four is absurd and impossible. And to sustain one's position in society with any degree of credit upon dinners, like the one for which I have paid two or three

times to day, is a tax upon the human constitution which I—ha—do not feel inclined to impose! I intended to make a remonstrance, but I have—hum—concluded to make for a quiet retreat in the country!"

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents will oblige us by sending in their favors as early as convenient on receiving their paper.

Blank Chess diagrams, printed on good paper, can be had, and sent by mail, by addressing the Chess Editor, at this office. Price, \$1.50 per hundred. An amateur of moderate skill wishes to find an opponent at a game of chess by correspondence. Address "H.," care of the Chess Editor.

INQUIRY.—Thanks for that game from the *Illustrated Zeitung*. Will be published at an early day. Your four move problem is too obvious. The other, in three moves, has another solution widely different from the one intended, as follows:

WHITE.
1 Kt to Q Kt 4 (ch)
2 Q to K Kt 2 (ch)
3 Q Kt mate

BLACK.
P Kt Kt
R interp.

A little more of "the Philidorian ruse" and the "wound" can be healed. Your last, of the 14th inst., will be answered in our next.

EMMA FIELD, Penn Yan.—Please send us another diagram of your last problem, with all its variations.

J. C. of Boston.—The nature of your problem is rather obvious; aside of that, it has a "stiff and square" appearance on the board, as if it had been "cut out" with a rule. We know that the material is in you, therefore we expect better from such a source.

J. A. P.—Your last was but lately received. Our predecessor was unable to find the problem referred to.

W. L.—Your problem is quite ingenious, but unfortunately it is susceptible of other solutions, among which is the following shorter one in eight moves:

WHITE.
1 B to Kt 5
2 Kt to Q 7 (ch)
3 Kt to Q Kt 8
4 B to Q 8

BLACK.
K moves
6 Kt from Q Kt 8 to Q 7 (ch)
7 Kt to K B 8 (ch)
8 B P mates

In your solution Q P is advanced to effect mate. We much prefer problems from three to five moves, as more suitable for our columns.

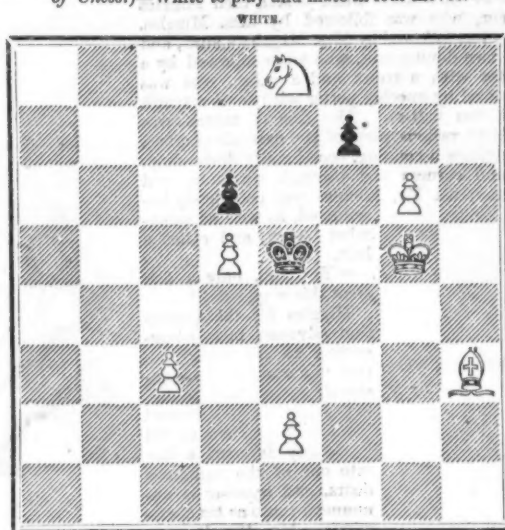
K.—Your solution of Problem LXXXVII. by Jacob Elson, of Philadelphia, is wrong. You overlook that Black can capture Kt for his first move, preventing mate at all. If the Murfreesborough Chess Club challenges any Club or player, let us know as to terms. Adopt the simple, brief notation usually employed, and you will save yourself some trouble, thus: P to K Kt 3, etc., instead of the full words.

G. R. BUELL.—That solution will be forwarded to your address at the earliest opportunity.

G. N. CHENEY.—Your game will be examined in our next.

C. HESS.—Our opinion of your two problems in our next issue.

PROBLEM XCI.—By D'ORVILLE. (From *Alexandre's Beauties of Chess*).—White to play and mate in four moves.



GAME XCI.—(SCOTT GAMBIT).—Between Dr. RAPHAEL and the Editor.

BLACK. Editor.	WHITE. Dr. R.	BLACK. Editor.	WHITE. Dr. R.
1 K P 2	K P 2	11 Q to Q 3	B to K B 4
2 K Kt to B 3	K Kt to B 3	12 Q to Q Kt 3 (ch)	K to Kt 2
3 Q P 2	P Kt 3	13 Castles	R Kt P
4 K B to Q B 4	B to Q B 4	14 Q Kt P	Kt to K 4
5 Kt to K Kt 5	Kt to K R 3	15 B to K Kt 5 (a)	Kt to K B 6 (ch) (b)
6 B Kt P (ch)	Kt Kt B	16 P Kt Kt	Q Kt B (ch)
7 Kt Kt Kt	K Kt Kt	17 K to R	B to K R 6
8 Q to K R 5 (ch)	P to K Kt 3	18 K to Q	Q Kt R (ch)
9 Q Kt B	P to Q 3	19 K Kt Q	R to K 8 Mate (c)
10 Q to Q Kt 5	R to K		

NOTES TO GAME XCI.

- (a) Suicidal; Kt to Q 2 or Q R 3 was far preferable.
(b) Very well played; Black must now use a clear piece, or be mated.
(c) A most significant and pretty ending.

We do not present this game to our readers as a model game, but rather as a novelty, from the fact that it was played at the rapid command of one, two, three—both players taxing their utmost to play within the prescribed time.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XC.

WHITE.
1 R Kt Q P dble. (ch)
2 R to Q 5 (ch)
3 R to Q B 5 dble. (ch)
4 P to Q 4 Mate.

BLACK.
K to Q B 1
K to B 3
K Kt R

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON I.—Napoleon was accustomed to wear a coat of mail under his clothes, and which he rarely went without. On his departure from Belgium, he thought it best to guard against those dangers with which he was threatened, having all Europe leagued against him, by every means in his power. He accordingly sent for a clever workman, and asked if he thought himself competent to make a coat of mail of such texture that no weapon whatever could penetrate. On the artificer answering in the affirmative, Napoleon bade to give him 10,000 francs, the sum asked. On the day fixed the man brought his work to the palace. Napoleon quickly examined it, and ordered the workman to put it on himself. The man obeyed. Napoleon took two pistols, saying, "We shall now see whether the coat of mail is of the texture you promised me." He fired at his breast; the cuirass resisted. "Turn round." The second ball struck his back with the same result. The poor artificer, half dead with fright, thought these trials would be sufficient, but he was mistaken in his calculation. Bonaparte next armed himself with a long fowling-piece, and made the same experiment on the shoulders, back, and breast of the trembling patient. Happily, the cuirass resisted, and saved the inventor from so cruel a trial. "How much am I to pay you?" said Napoleon, after this noble exploit. "Eighteen thousand francs," stammered the affrighted artificer. "No such thing, sir," said Napoleon, "I shall give you thirty-six thousand francs," and gave an order on his treasurer for that amount.

A LUCKY LEGAL FEE.—A gentleman of Cincinnati states that Nicholas Longworth, who was, in his native State, a shoemaker, practised law on his removal to that city during the years between 1804 and 1820. He once received, as a legal fee for defending a horse thief, two second-hand copper stills. The gentleman who had them in possession refused to give them up; but proposed to Mr. Longworth to give him a lot of thirty-three acres on Western Row, so called, in lieu of them—a proposal which the latter, whose sanguine opinions of the value of such property were ahead of his time, gladly accepted. This transaction formed the basis of an immense fortune, the naked ground being now worth over two millions of dollars.

It is probably known to very few Americans that Gen. Washington received during the Revolution, from the French Government, the title of Marshal of France. The title was given to him in order that he might, without breach of French etiquette, command the French allies of the Revolutionary army.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

A MR. NATHAN HOWE, of Holden, in this State, was caught, while grinding a scythe in his saw-mill, by the feet in the belt, and instantly drawn upon the large drum of the main shafting. His first effort was to save his head from being crushed by the revolutions of the drum, which he did by holding firmly to the shaft; clinging here, he called to his son above to stop the mill and come to his rescue; the lad at first could not hear the call on account of the noise of sawing, but when he reached his father found that the latter had succeeded in getting a knife from his pocket to cut the belt which confined him. When Mr. H. was extricated from his perilous position, he calmly gave all the directions for conveying him home; it being impossible to lift him in his mangled condition, he told them to roll him upon an old door and thus carry him. On reaching the house, a new difficulty arose: the door was too wide to pass the entrance; he called for a board, pointing to where it might be found, and was transferred to that. On examination, his left leg was found horribly mangled, and broken in five different places—his right leg was fractured once, he submitted at once to the amputation of the former. Although Mr. H. is fifty years of age, yet being a man of the best habits, he is doing finely, and has a prospect of rapid recovery. He is an illustration of rare self-possession in extreme difficulty.

The New Jersey Railroad Company has successfully tried the experiment of lighting a car by gas. The experiment was tried on a car of a Newark train from Jersey city on Wednesday night, and last night one of the cars of the train to Philadelphia was lighted in the same manner. The gas is taken from the pipes of the Gas-Light Company, and pressed into an apparatus to which machinery is attached, which affords force to make the gas flow steadily for several hours.

In the eastern part of the State of Massachusetts, some 80,000 acres are covered with peat to the depth of sixty-four inches, on the average. The quantity has been estimated at 180,000,000 tons. Peat fuel, properly prepared, rivals, in cheapness, light, and warmth, the best varieties of canal coal.

It is estimated that the wheat crop of Indiana, this season, will reach as high as 18,000,000 bushels, the largest crop by 5,000,000 ever raised in the State.

A passenger by the Michigan Central Railroad, finding that the train did not stop at a particular station, rushed for the rear car, carpet bag in hand, and jumped off. The train was passing at a speed of forty-five miles per hour, and of course he struck the ground at some little distance from the starting point. One foot struck the ground first, and so heavily did he come down, that the heel of his boot was torn off. His second foot struck twelve feet distant from his first track, and the boot-heel was also ripped from his boot. The man continued his rapid movement—being thrown into all sorts of positions—for some distance beyond. He finally "brought up" no less than seventy-four feet from the spot where he left the rushing train. On picking himself up, he was asked if he was much hurt, he answered that he did not know, and immediately commenced picking up his watch and a number of the buttons which had been scattered by the shock, and seizing his carpet-bag, he started off, with his dinner tolerably well settled.

Last week, Mary Jane Jewett, of Brimfield, Mass., was driving alone when an Irishman, named Michael Harrington, sprang from the bushes by the wayside, seized her horse by the head, and commanded her to get from the wagon and yield herself to him. She refused, and struck her horse with the whip; the horse sprang, knocking down the Irishman, and the wheel passed over his neck. He died and has not yet been arrested.

About two weeks ago a Canadian-Frenchman named Philip Varo, who has lived on Big Prairie for a few years past, sold a piece of land and received his pay (some \$1,700) in gold. The next morning he was missing from his home. His watch, worth about sixty dollars, and his gun were left in his house, and his business in an unsettled condition. He was unmarried, did not owe much, and has personal property and land to the amount of several hundred dollars. Whether he has been robbed and murdered, or whether gone on his travels is unknown, as no investigation has been made.

The editor of an Oregon paper describes a wonderful jawbone recently found in that territory, which, for aught we know, may have been that with which Sampson slew a thousand men. The fossil is eleven inches in length, the teeth seven inches long, set uniformly in rows running across the jaw. The fossil is in a petrified state, the pectives perfectly sound. The piece found weighs six pounds, and, judging from its appearance, the whole would probably weigh 300 pounds.

Henry Potter, U. S. Judge for North Carolina, has filed that office fifty-five years, and is now ninety-one years old.

Jesse Rollins, late of Haverhill, N.H., had \$1,940 stolen from him on Thursday, the 20th ult., in that city. He had sold his place in Haverhill, and with his eldest son had left Worcester for Auburn, to look at a place he was intending to purchase, leaving the money in a carpet-bag in his sleeping room. The sum named was all he possessed; \$500 of it was earned by the oldest brother. While they were absent, it is supposed that the youngest son, Dudley Rollins, a young man of some twenty-one years of age, seized the opportunity to secure the carpet-bag by throwing it out of the window, as he was seen to go away with it from the yard of the house, and has not since been heard from.

A terrible explosion took place at Dupont's powder mills, Wilmington, Delaware, at five o'clock on the evening of the 22d inst. Mr. Alex. J. Dupont and seven of his workmen were removing a large, heavy box from the powder house, when the box came in contact with a wall, producing friction, which caused an explosion that burst all hands in a shocking manner. Mr. Dupont leaped into a mill-race near by, and the others made every effort to extinguish the fire on their clothes. Dupont then hastened to see if the press-room had taken fire. As he approached a terrible explosion ensued, shattering the building to atoms. By the flying fragments Mr. Dupont had his right thigh fractured, three ribs broken, and one of his lungs perforated. He died of his wounds. Edward Hunt, foreman, and Anthony Dougherty, are also dead. Louis Vache is mortally hurt, and John McClafferty and George Fisher are injured. The rest are unhurt.

The Hudson River Railroad Company have ordered four wrought-iron caps to be made and used on their road by way of trail. The frame-work is to be a very strong though elastic basket, each being protected by rivets, and the whole further protected by making the entire platform at each end one strong spring of steel. Caps thus made will be lighter, it is said, than wooden ones, yet so safe that a fatal accident with them is a thing hardly possible, as they will spring, bend or twist, but remain whole as a shield to their occupants, no power being able to break them into fragments or splinters.

A new light-house, eighty-five feet high, built of stone, and the light one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, has been erected at Montauk Point. The new light will be put into operation on the 1st of January, 1868. It is to be a first order catadioptric fixed light, varied by a flash every two minutes.

A fine marble monument, twenty-six feet in height, is now nearly completed, and will soon be placed over the remains of Abbott Lawrence, at Mount Auburn. The monument consists of a Roman Doric shaft, with a spiral line of leaves, surmounted by an antique urn with drapery, standing upon a heavy pedestal.

The question—If the Commissioner of Patents is authorized to refund money in case of a man who, having filed a caveat and paid \$20, demands the return of \$10; and in case of others who, having also filed caveats and paid \$10 additional, making a total of \$30, demand a return of \$20—having come before the Secretary of the Interior, it was referred by him to the Attorney-General for decision. The latter holds, in the first instance, that there is no provision allowing the caveator to withdraw any portion of the \$20; and in the second place, that without conforming to the statute in making an application, it cannot be said that one has legally been made; consequently it is impossible to withdraw the application before it is made, and that, as a caveat is not an application for a patent in any business sense of the term, it is clear that the Commissioner cannot refund a portion of the caveat fee.

Mrs. Helen M. Dodge has commenced a civil suit against a dry goods merchant doing business on Broadway, Albany, for his ing her against her will. The damages are laid at \$5,000.

It is estimated that the number of slaves landed at Cuba since the 1st of January is about fifteen thousand.

It is said that Donald McKay, the ship-builder of East Boston, has commenced a suit against his brother, Capt. L. McKay, for slander, fixing his damages at the sum of \$20,000.

A curious case of conspiracy to defraud is now on trial in Philadelphia, in which one of the defendants, Anna Meista, is proved to have preached that the world is about to be destroyed, and that only forty thousand, by her instrumentality, could be saved, and that she was the sister of our Saviour. Several witnesses testified that she gave a feast. The table was filled with wines and all the fruits in season; that Anna was dressed in white, with stars upon her bosom and a crown upon her head. That she there represented to her disciples that so she must appear before God.

Captain Thomas Hill, of Gouldsboro', who is in his seventy-seventh year, has worked at haying this season five days in one week. At mowing, raking, &c., he kept up with the other men in the field, and was paid the usual wages of haymakers. Mr. John Preble, of Sullivan, who is ninety years old, has secured the quarter part of his hay unaided by any other man. He is so infirm, that when mowing, at each step he is obliged to rest himself upon the ground to support himself to step by.

The sum of \$1,360 has already been raised in Boston, towards a fund for the benefit of the heroic Mrs. Patten, who so successfully navigated her husband's ship into San Francisco.

Letters from England state that a question has been raised upon the race, in reference to the horse Monarque. This horse was sired by an English horse, out of an English mare, and the dam was taken across the channel, for the purpose of having the colt dropped in France, with the purpose to claim the light weight, which, by the rule, the English turf is given to all foreign horses. Upon this state of facts the opinion of the Judges is pending, and all bets are in abeyance until that decision is made known.

FAMILY PASTIME.

PERPLEX.—Transpose a great distance, and you will laugh at your trouble.

ENIGMA.

Just letters four, we'll have no more,
Including vowels two;
For that will hit, you must admit,
What appertains to you.
'Tis not in your clothes, but in your toes—
Not found amongst your brains;
'Tis in your palms and in your arms,
But never in your veins.
'Tis right and tight, in fingers white,
However small their size;
Alive or dead, 'tis in your head,
But never in your eyes;
And not a part is in your heart,
With that you must agree;
Though if you feel, 'tis in your heel,
And also in your knee.

And strange to say, but take away
One letter—and you'll find
That only one (I'm not in fun)
Is really left behind.
That this is true, I'm sure that you
Will see, and bring to light;
If not, I fear, 'tis very clear
You're not so very bright.

CHARADE.

My whole, with its velvet blossoms,
Grew by sweet Nina's bower,
And the maiden prided right dearly
Her Roland's favorite flower!

For all my first responded
To Roland's pleading voice,
And my first in Nina's bosom
Claimed Roland for his choice.

Lord Clare may point with boasting
To his castle's stately pride,
And swear my second waits there
For Nina as his bride!

But my first still turns unflinching
From my second's stolen hold,
And prefers poor Roland's flower
To all the noble's gold!

REBUS.

I am the schoolboy's constant friend,
His problems oft to solve.
Behold me; thus, if he should be,
Chastisement 'twould involve;
Transpose me, and he'll listen long
With eager ears and thought.
Transpose again, and I'm a bird,
And in the fens I'm caught.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. I met a man driving a flock of sheep and lambs, and I asked him how many he had. He said that if he had twice as many lambs, and one-third less sheep, he should have just ten score. How many had he of each?

2. How many sovereigns can be placed side by side on a table whose length is 57½ inches, and breadth 23½ inches, a sovereign being seven-eighths of an inch in diameter?

3. A mother and two daughters bought articles of apparel to the amount of £3 10s. 1d., or 841 pence, this being a square number (of square of 29). The mother bought a dress, the price of which, in pence, was a square number; the elder daughter bought a bonnet, the price of which, in pence, was a square number; and the younger daughter bought a pair of boots, the price of which, in pence, was a square number. What was the price of each article?

ANSWERS TO FAMILY PASTIME IN NO. 91.

ENIGMA: The Eyes. CHARADES: 1. Tartar; 2. Milk-maid. REBUS: Skin; kin; ink.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. The father's age was 33; the son's age was 3.
2. The damaged muslin must be sold at 14s. 4½d. per ell.
3. The number of fifteens that can be made with the rack of 52 cards is solved by first taking any two cards that will make 15, that is, the 8's and 7's, the 9's and 6's, and the 10's and 5's, including all the court cards as tens, as played at the game of cribbage, and they will count 96 ways. Therefore, 2 cards will count 96 different fifteens; 3 cards, 1,124; 4 cards, 4,060; 5 cards, 4,316; 6 cards, 5,648; 7 cards, 1,766; 8 cards, 240; 9 cards, 4. Total, 17,264 fifteens.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE London Mechanics' Magazine describes an apparatus of peculiar construction for indicating the course or direction and distance run by a ship. The inventor employs outside the hull of a ship, a fan or screw, placed below the keel, which fan or screw revolves with the action of the water, as the ship moves through it. By means of an axle, cog-wheel, &c., it communicates a rotary motion to a reel, which, in its turn, gives rotary motion to a cylinder by another set of cog-wheels, and this cylinder is in contact with one end of a feeding tube, and has small cavities indented on its circumference. The apparatus is also furnished with a magazine for holding small shot, communicating with the other end of the feeder. The action of the apparatus is such, that the shot are conveyed by a number of flexible tubes, to a like number of bags, suspended around the circumference of a disc, which disc is poised at its centre on a pivot, like the magnetic needle, so that it can incline or dip in any direction, whenever a preponderance of shot in the bags may cause it to do so. On one surface is painted the points of the mariner's compass, and on it is also placed a small ball, which acts as an indicator, to show the points of greatest inclination, which it does by its gravity, the disc having a raised edge to prevent the ball from rolling off. The point thus indicated is the course of the vessel, and the distance is obtained by ascertaining the force with which the said disc inclines, which is done by placing at the point exactly opposite the point of inclination a weight sufficient to balance the disc. A steel-yard is used to facilitate this operation.

The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, and apply it. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

A plastic material possessing some properties of peculiar value, may be made, it is said, by mixing five parts of sifted whiting with a solution of one part of glue. When the whiting is worked up into a paste with the glue, a proportionate quantity of Venetian turpentine is added to it, by which the brittleness of the paste is destroyed; and, in order to prevent its clinging to the hands whilst the turpentine is being worked into the paste, a small quantity of linseed oil is added from time to time. The mass may also be colored by kneading in any color that may be desired. It may be pressed into shapes, and used for the production of bas-reliefs and other figures, or be worked by hand into models, keeping the mass warm during the process. When it cools and dries, which takes place in a few hours, it becomes as hard as stone.

CURIOUS DOVETAILING MACHINE.—A patented machine, which will wonderfully lessen the cost of production and the employment of manual labor in many trades, is about to be introduced into this country. It will chiefly affect wholesale carpenters, packing-case makers, pianoforte makers, cabinet makers, and all who require boxes and drawers; and by its assistance one man can do the work of forty men, and produce one thousand boxes, &c., per day. It is the invention of an American, and the patent has been purchased by the United States Government for its dockyards and arsenals for \$5,000. The British Government has purchased and paid for a single machine, to make artillery boxes, and it is now at work in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich. The saving arising from each machine on the wages of labor alone, if at only £1 per week each man, will be about £2,000 per annum, or £26,000 for the thirteen years that the patent has to run.

MUCH WISDOM IN LITTLE SPACE.

AMBASSADORS, accredited agents and representatives from one court to another, are referred to early ages, and to almost all nations. In most countries they have great and peculiar privileges; and in England, among others, they and their servants are secured against arrest. The Portuguese Ambassador in England was imprisoned for debt, in 1663; and the Russian, by a lace-merchant, in 1709, when a law, the statute of 8 Anne, passed for their protection. Two men were convicted of arresting the servant of an ambassador. They were sentenced to be conducted to the house of the ambassador, with a label on their breasts, to ask his pardon, and then one of them to be imprisoned three months and the other fined, May 12, 1780.

ASTROLOGY.—Judicial astrology was invented by the Chaldeans, and hence was transmitted to the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. It was much in vogue in France in the time of Catherine de Medici, 1533. The early history of astrology in England is very little known; Bede was addicted to it, 700; and so was Roger Bacon, 1260. Cecil, Lord Burleigh, calculated the nativity of Elizabeth; and she, and all the European princes, were the humble servants of Dece, the astrologer and conjurer. But the period of the Stuarts was the acme of astrology in England. Sir Walter Scott has made ample use of Sir William Lilly, the noted astrologer, in his tales of this period; and it is certain that Lilly was consulted by Charles I. respecting his projected escape from Whitehall Castle, in 1647.

AUCTION, a kind of sale known to the Romans. The first in Britain was about 1700, by Eliza Yale, a governess of Fort George, in the East Indies, of the goods he had brought home with him. Auction and sales' tax began, 1779.

AUTO DA FE.—The punishment, often by burning alive, of a heretic. This is called an act of faith, and is coeval with the Inquisition; and since its first practice in A. D. 1503, more than one hundred thousand victims have been sacrificed by the sentence of the Inquisitions of Roman Catholic countries on the burning pile. One of the last executions of this kind was at Goa, where, for the glory of the Christian religion (it) and in vindication of the Catholic faith, twenty sufferers perished in the flames, 1787. These horrible sacrifices have ceased in Spain.

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THERE are plenty of young gentlemen as well as plenty of old ones, whose heads are turning gray, which gives the former a great deal of uneasiness, and exposes the age of the latter to avoidable ridicule. Little practical advice such as our readers to use Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative, which will, in the course of a few weeks, change the hair to its natural color. It does not dry the hair like the most of the hair restoratives, but produces a gradual change of color from the roots of the hair; the final end, and gives it a fine and glossy appearance. We have seen many persons who have used it successfully, and pronounced it the only invention which has come up to their idea of a "cure for gray hair."

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When Venus, the thin-skinned, made earth her abode, To give beauty its fulness and scope, She, sure, must have given to Dr. Gouard's

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SOAP is the most glorious compound ever invented for the positive cure of tan, pimples, freckles, redness, eruptions, maculæ, and all skin diseases. It is moreover the very best compound for softening the skin, and for removing all the dirt and grime that accumulate on the face, and for restoring the complexion to its natural beauty. It has been before the people, and the millions of cakes scattered throughout the world. Gouard's Poudre Subtile uproots hair from the roots, and softens the skin, and restores the color of the face, and gives it a fine and glossy appearance. It is sold at 115 Broadway, and by all Druggists.

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A MISSOURIAN'S BAGGAGE.—During the session of the Democratic National Convention in Cincinnati, a delegate, having taken breakfast at the St. Charles, walked up to the counter and demanded his bill. He was asked what he had had, and the reply was, "Six brandy cocktails, tea and toast." This, so far as breakfast is concerned, is without a parallel. But a late incident is worthy to go down to immortality with it. A gentleman from Missouri was in attendance at Lexington, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Clay Monument, on the Fourth, and his baggage, undergoing investigation, was found to consist of a carpet-sack, containing four bottles of whiskey and two revolvers, one shirt and two collars. One of his travelling companions said that the shirt had been put in simply to keep the bottles from breaking.

An old bachelor, on seeing the words "Families supplied" over the door of an oyster saloon, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

To cure a boy of staying out nights, break his legs, or else get the calico he runs with to do the housework.

RUSS PAVEMENT IN REPAIR.—"HERE WE GO UP, UP, UP!"



AND "HERE WE GO DOWN, DOWN, DOWN!"

THERE is a girl in Troy whose lips are so sweet that they stick together every morning, by the honey they distil, and she cannot open her mouth until she has parted her lips with a silver knife. She will be a treasure to her husband—not only on account of her sweetness, but because she can occasionally keep her mouth shut.

HABITS are as easily caught as "yaller birds." Let a circus arrive in town, and in less than a week half the boys in town will be throwing somersets, and breaking their necks over an empty mackerel barrel.

"SAY, Pomp, you nigger, where you get dat new hat?" "Why, at de shop, ob course." "What is de price of such an article as dat?" "I don't know, nigger—I don't know—when I got it de shopkeeper wasn't dar."



MR. JONES DON'T CARE SO MUCH ABOUT "THE GIRL" DRINKING HIS BRANDY, BECAUSE ONE NATURALLY EXPECTS THAT SORT OF THING IN A BOARDING-HOUSE; BUT WHEN IT COMES TO HER GETTING INTO HIS BED, HE THINKS IT'S ABOUT TIME TO QUIT.

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